THE

# Methodist Magazine.

SEPTEMBER, 1892.

## INDIA: ITS TEMPLES, ITS PALACES, AND ITS PEOPLE.*

### IX.

BHOPAL is the capital of the native state of the same name. It is surrounded by a stone wall two miles in circumference, within which is a strong fort. The streets, bazaars, mosques, and temples of Bhopal, are remarkably picturesque. The population of the state is 950,000, of which more than three-fourths are Hindu. The ruler of Bhopal is a woman, and the throne descends in the female line. The Begam is the only female potentate in India. She is an able and vigorous lady. She has an army 3,000 strong. She has power of life and death in judicial matters, and her territories are not under the jurisdiction of British courts. Her mother stood bravely by the British rule during the Mutiny, and the loyalty of the present Begam is unquestioned.

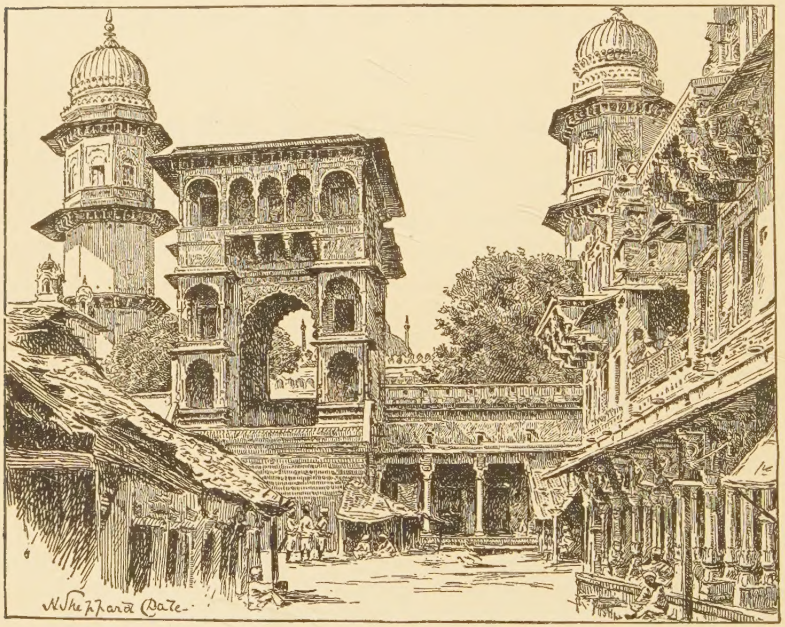
Sanchi is a small village, round which are scattered some of the finest Buddhist remains in India, including eleven so-called "topes." These topes are solid mounds or domes of brick, erected to celebrate some important event, or to enshrine a relic to the great Buddha, or of some notable Buddhist teacher or saint. They were generally plain structures, but surrounded by rails and gateways of the most elaborate sculptured decoration. They date from B.C. 250 to A.D. 300, and their inscriptions and sculptures furnish an ancient pictorial history of India as complete as that possessed by Greece or Rome. The tope of Sanchi is a huge dome of bricks laid in mud, 106 feet in diameter, and forty-two feet high.

Indore, Holkar's capital, is a modern city of about 75,000 population, mostly Hindus. The Kahan River runs through the town, and is kept well filled with water by an embankment. There

* *Picturesque India.* By W. S. CAINE, M.P. 8vo, pp. 606. London: George Routledge & Sons. Toronto: William Briggs.

are some very pretty scenes along its banks. The native state of Indore has a total population estimated at 1,200,000. The Canadian Presbyterian Mission has stations at Indore. From here, however, a very interesting excursion may be made to Mandu, the ruined capital of the old kingdom of Malwa, thirty miles from Mhow.

Mandu, founded about the 4th century, is nobly situated on an extensive plateau, surrounded by a great ravine 300 or 400 yards wide, and about 200 feet deep. The principal palace is called the Jehaj Mahal, or "ship palace," being built between two fine

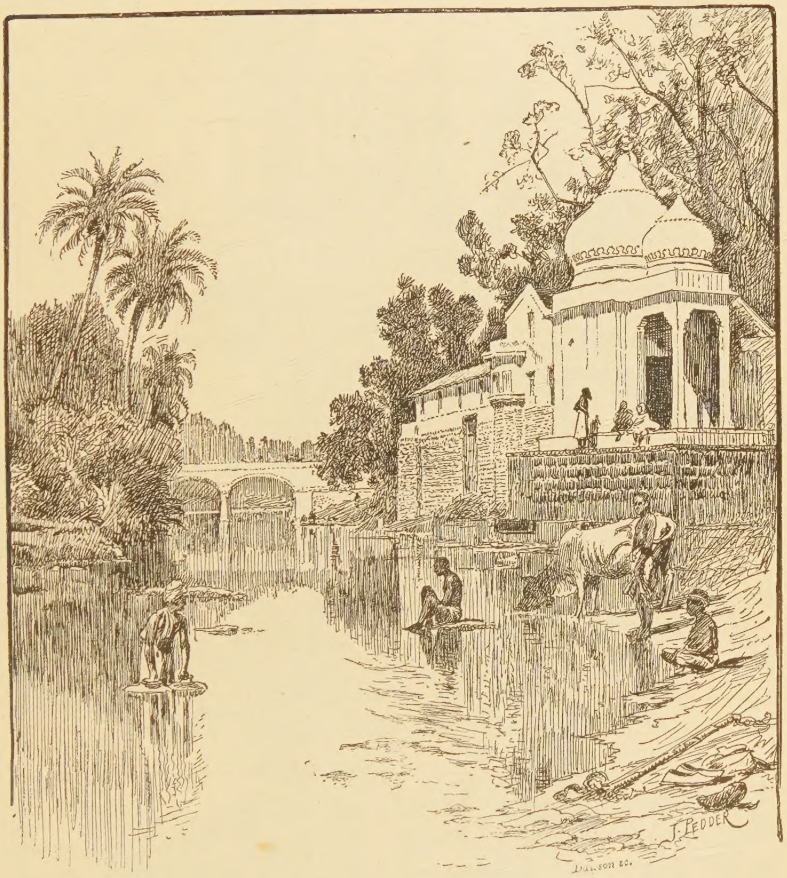


A STREET CORNER IN BHOPAL.

tanks, and so having the appearance of floating like a ship at sea. The whole series of buildings is very grand and massive, but its details are choked with jungle and vegetation, and are hardly visible. Of this strange deserted city Fergusson says: "In their solitude, in a vast uninhabited jungle, these buildings convey as vivid an impression of the ephemeral splendour of these Mohammedan dynasties as anything in India, and alone suffice to prove how wonderfully their builders grasped the true elements of architectural design."

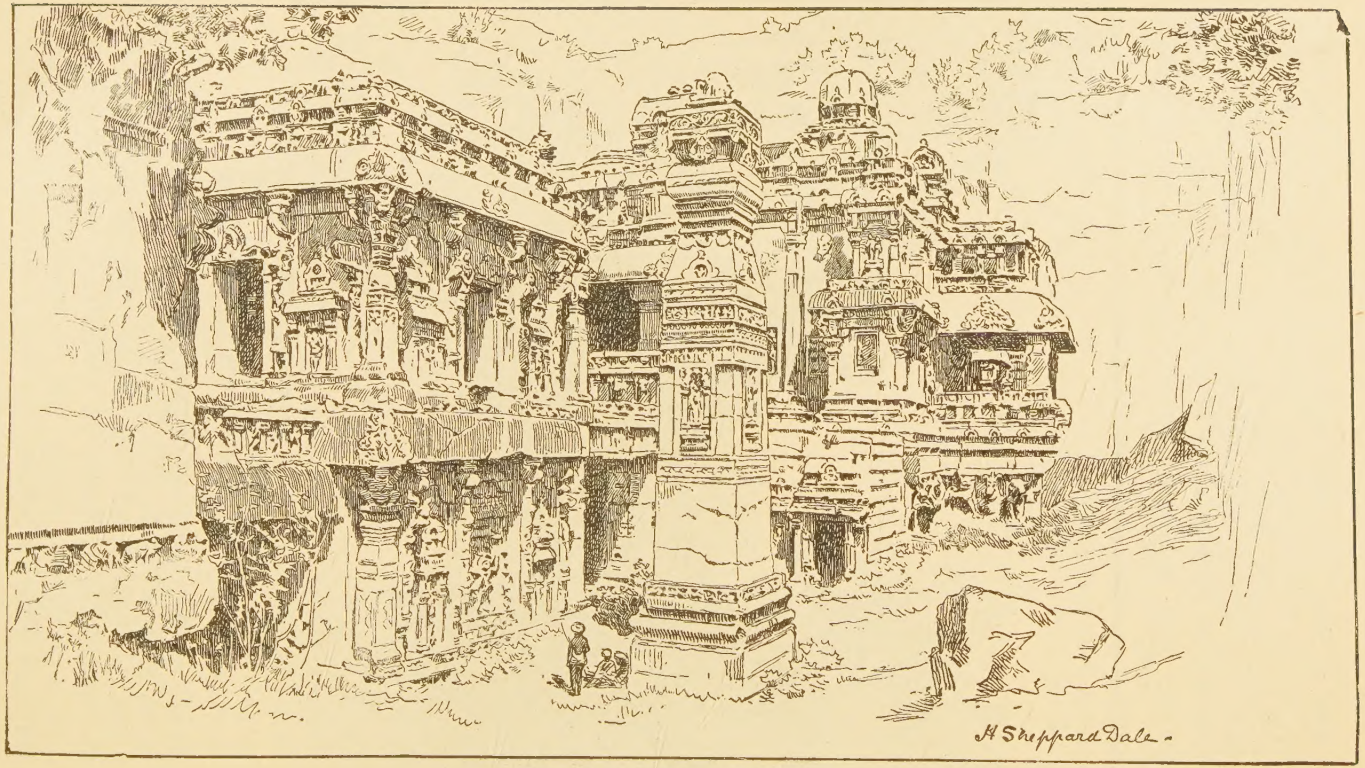
Mandhata is an island in the Narbada River, famous for its many temples, but pre-eminently for the great shrine of Omkar,

a form of Siva. The island is about a square mile in area, and a deep ravine runs through it. The south and east faces terminate in bluff precipices, 400 to 500 feet high. The opposite bank of the river is equally steep, and between the two cliffs the Narbada flows in a deep still pool, full of alligators and huge fish, which are very tame, picking food off the lower steps of the sacred ghats.




VIEW ON THE KAHAN RIVER, INDORE.

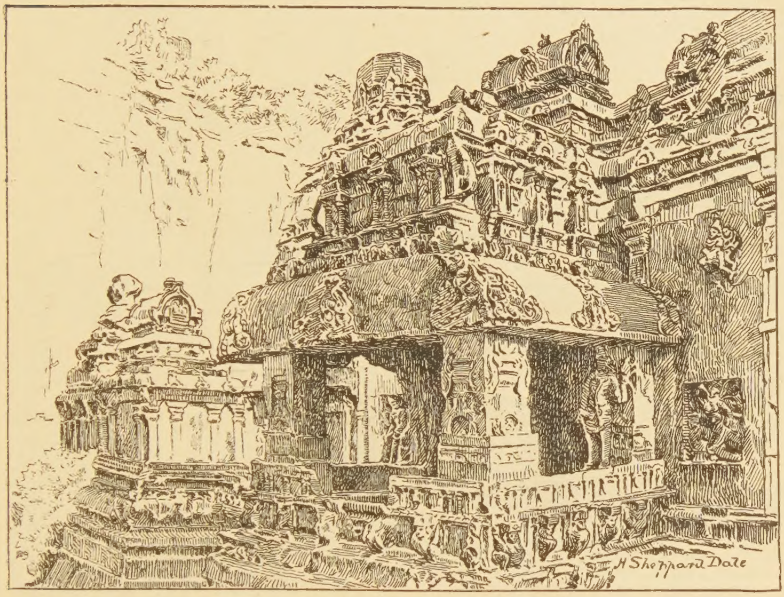
As late as sixty years ago devotees of Siva and Kali flung themselves off the Birkhala cliffs, on the east end of the island, to be dashed to pieces on the rocks below. Here is the oldest of the Sivaite temples, consisting of a courtyard with verandah and colonnades, boldly carved. All the temples on the island are dedicated to Siva or his associate deities, but on the main land, on both sides, are many other shrines and temples to Vishnu. The




THE GREAT KYLAS ELLORA.

picturesque beauty of the river and the cliffs, and the fine carvings on these ancient shrines, some of which date back 700 or 800 years, make Mandhata one of the most attractive spots in Central India.

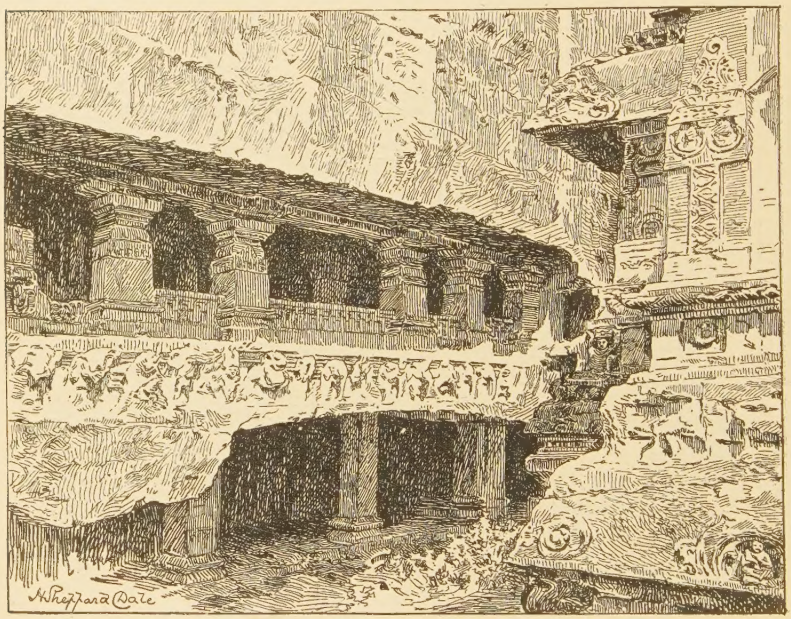
The famous caves of Ellora are, on the whole, the finest and most perfect group of those marvellous temples and monasteries which have been cut out of the solid rock by the ancient people of this land of wonders. Scattered along the base of a range of beautiful wooded hills, rising some 500 feet out of the plain, are a succession of rock temples, Buddhist, Hindu and Jain. Their




GALLERY OVER THE GATEWAY OF THE KYLAS.

dates are obscure, but the oldest is set down by authority at 200 B.C., and the most recent at 1200 A.D. The smallest and most insignificant of them, if alone, would well repay the fatigue of the journey; but passing from one to another the traveller is struck dumb with amazement, as he enters a series of caves as big as churches; with huge images eight or ten feet high ranged round the walls, elephants, lions, tigers, alligators, rams, antelopes, swans and oxen, or symbolical representations of them, larger than life; friezes of figure subjects as big as that of the Parthenon, varied by intricate wall sculpture of every description, and the whole dug and carved out of the solid rock without a single stone being introduced.

There are, at least, thirty principal temples and monasteries cut out of the sides of the hills, with short intervals between them, scattered along a distance of about two miles and a quarter, right and left of the splendid Kylas, the central wonder of the series, which was carved out by the Dravidians, A.D. 750–850. This greatest of these Titanic excavations cannot be called a cave at all. The architect has quarried a huge chunk of solid rock out of the hill-side, leaving a mass in the centre, standing out alone from the lofty cliffs from which it has been cut. He has then

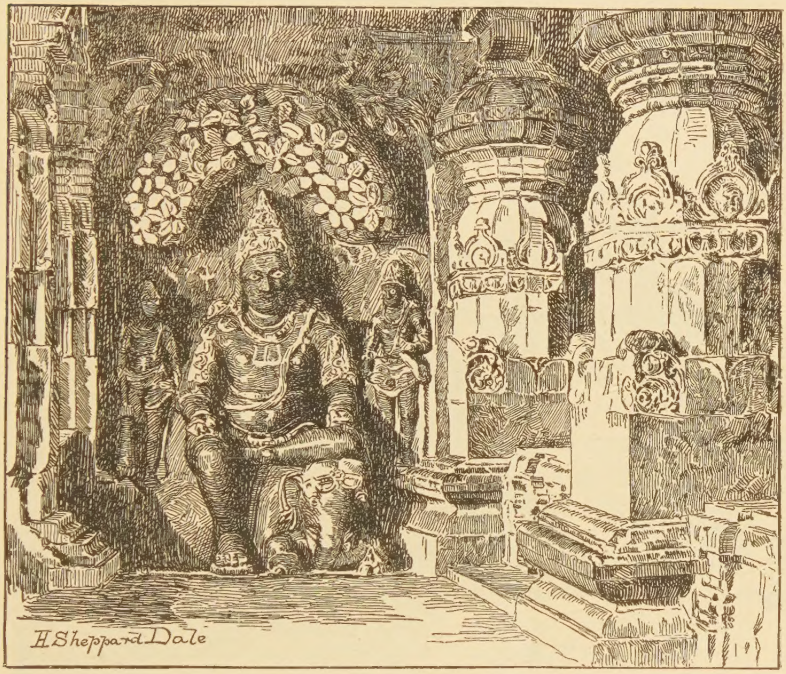


PUR LANKA, KYLAS.

taken this block in hand, hollowed it out in vast chambers, left great pinnacles and pagodas on the roof, and carved the whole surface, inside and out, with reliefs illustrating the history of his gods. In shaping the floor of the wide court in which his temple stands, he has left erect lumps and columns of rock, which he has fashioned into elephants, guards, and decorated towers. Every bit of the entire fabric is a mass of sculptured figures, beautifully finished in all their details. The Kylas, standing on its site, as excavated out of the solid rock, is an absolute monolith. The whole structure (it is in no sense a *building*) is 365 feet long, 192 feet wide, and 96 feet high. It is as though a fine English

cathedral had been carved out of a mountain in one single piece, instead of being built stone by stone.

"From one vast mount of solid stone
The mighty temple has been cored
By nut-brown children of the sun,
When stars were newly bright, and blithe
Of song along the rim of dawn,
A mighty monolith!"

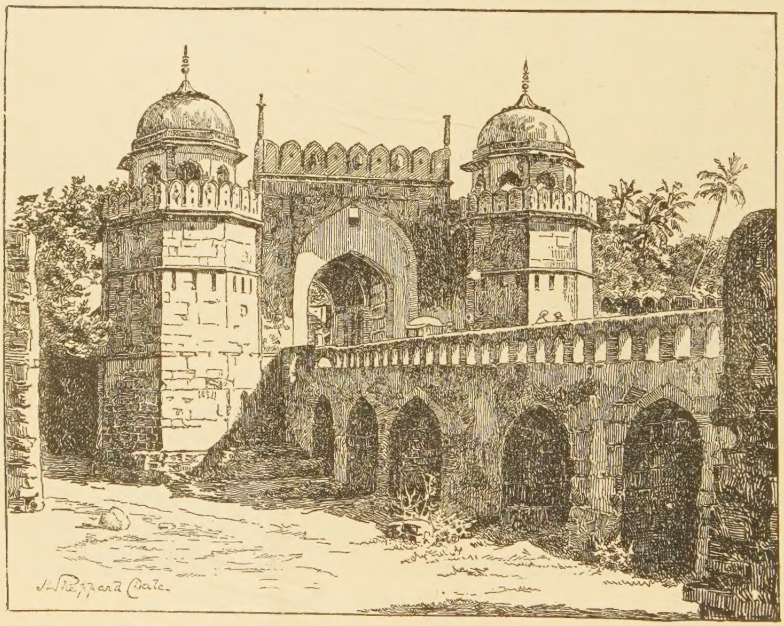



GOD OF THE WINDS, ELLORA.

There is a fine temple, reached by steps, at the end of which is a Lingam shrine, and near the entrance doorway is a Nandi Bull, with two huge sentinels leaning on their maces. This temple has singularly beautiful pillars. It is called *Pur Lanka.* (Shown on page 215).

The Das Avatar is the oldest Brahmanic cave, and bears evidence of having been begun by Buddhists and finished by Brahmans. The great chamber is 103 feet by 45 feet, sustained by forty-six pillars, and surrounded by a series of recesses containing vigorous groups of figures similar in character to those in Ravan Ka Khai, but mostly drawn from Siva in his character of destroyer, and very gruesome and horrible they are.

Aurangabad was the capital of the Emperor Aurangzeb, and contains many buildings of great interest, erected during his reign from 1650–70. It is surrounded by masonry walls, with bastions at the various angles. The most interesting building is a mausoleum, built by Aurangzed in memory of a favourite daughter, Rabia Durani. He gave orders to his architect to reproduce an exact copy of the Taj Mahal at Agra, the tomb of his father Shah Jahan. It is, however, a very long way behind its celebrated pattern, though one of the most beautiful mausoleums in India. The Mekka gate and bridge, shown in our cut, are said to date from the fourteenth century.



MEKKA GATE, AURANGABAD.

---

## SEPTEMBER.

All golden in the autumn sun
The waving corn fields shine ;
Purple and full of ruddy juice
The grapes hang on the vine.

A blessing hovers in the air,
As Earth, from toil released,
Holds, with a hush upon her face,
Her sweet communion feast.

—*Bessie Chandler.*

# THE LAND OF THE PHARAOHS.

BY THE EDITOR.

## II.

PIGEONS DRINKING.

The journey up the Nile is one of the most enjoyable in the world. This mighty river has kept the secret of its source for thousands of years. With scarce an affluent for two thousand miles, it flows from the highlands of Abyssinia, and redeems from the desert the fertile strip which we call Egypt. "Egypt," said Herodotus, the "Father of History," "is the gift of the Nile." Its annual flood irrigating the vast valley, and fertilizing with its alluvial deposits, the otherwise desert land, has made Egypt, for many centuries, one of the richest countries in the world. The remains of its vanished civilizations, its great cities, palaces and temples, bear testimony to the wealth of its resources and the vastness of its population. It still swarms with life. Everywhere and all day long one is struck with never-ceasing surprise at the crowding multitudes of its busy population. The whole country was pervaded by a strange musky smell, for which we could not account till we

found that it was caused by the great number of camels who were its chief burden-bearers. Great gaunt-looking creatures they are, with a discontented snarl on their faces, yet strangely picturesque as they stride along with their long swinging gait, bearing huge loads of fresh clover, bales of dates and other merchandise, baskets of earth, lime, brick, and an indescribable variety of loads. On the bridge across the Nile, I counted one day, fifty-six camels, besides innumerable donkeys and foot passengers.

AN EGYPTIAN SHADOFF.

The squalid Arab villages are built of sun-baked mud bricks, held together with chopped straw. The fellaheen always crowd into these villages, leaving the intervening open country almost without a house. But so close together are these villages, that often a dozen are in view at once. The houses are chiefly one story with flat roofs; though sometimes a sort of tower, the upper part used as a dove-cot for the numerous pigeons that fill the air, is seen. Date palms enliven the landscape with their graceful and feathery foliage. Of never-failing interest are the long processions of peasants going from the fields to the villages in the evening twilight, sometimes in sharply defined *silhouette* against the glowing sky.

For two hundred and thirty miles we went by rail from Cairo to Assiout—a hot and dusty ride, yet full of interest on account of the numerous stations with their crowded and busy life. Vast

fields of sugar-cane, through which run tramways for bringing the cane to the sugar factories, in many places reach to the far horizon. The jealous seclusion of the women while travelling was rather curious. On the railway train they had their compartment to themselves, at which the conductor knocked loudly and waited long before opening the door. Had any other mortal ventured to intrude, I do not know what would have been the result. On the steamboats, too, they had a little space curtained off to themselves, where they sweltered in the hot, close atmosphere of their canvass cabin. To make matters worse they are almost invariably closely muffled about the head and face with the impervious veil.

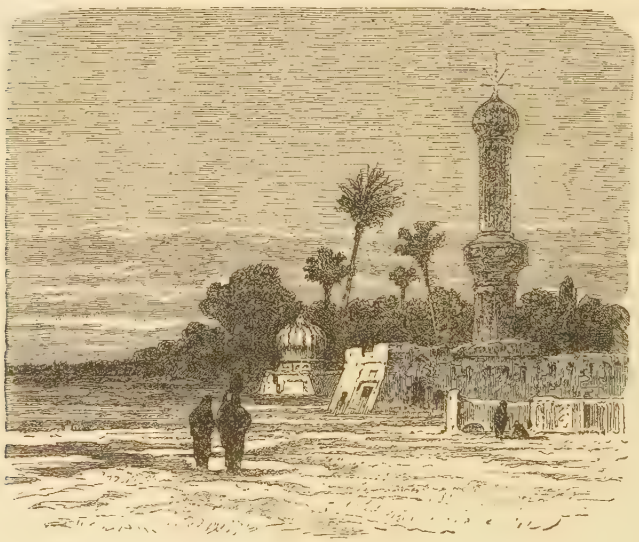
EGYPTIAN SAKEOAH.

The beauty of the Nile sunsets is simply indescribable. The most exquisite tints of red and gold, and yellow and green, reflected in a rich wine-colour in the waves, was wonderfully impressive. Then came out Venus and Jupiter and the hosts of heaven, symbols of changeless order amid the changefulness of life. Such as Joseph, and Jacob and Moses beheld they shine on now.

The swarming life on the river was no less striking than that on the land. Innumerable boats, barges, felluccas, dahabeiahs, with graceful lateen sails swept before a favouring wind like a flock of snowy birds. Many of these were employed in carrying pottery of which enormous quantities are made, in one village 900,000 jars being made in a year. These earthen jars are

conveyed in great crates which extend far over the edge of the vessel and almost hide it from view. At every steamboat station there was generally a floating dock or barge, crowded with natives in bright-coloured dresses, chattering and chaffering like a lot of magpies. There were always on hand a couple of mounted or foot soldiers to guard the Government letter and specie boxes from being captured by Bedouins.

Not unfrequently our steamer, or the larger craft on the river, would run aground on a sand-bar, and then would ensue a picturesque and animated scene. One such I recall: A clumsy native



OUTSIDE THE GATE OF ROSETTA.

boat heavily laden was aground in the narrow navigable channel of the Nile. In trying to pass her our steamer also got aground. Such a babel of voices as the two Arab crews made, vociferating and yelling, and calling on the prophet in weird chant to help them, I never heard—"Hèh Allah hèh! Hèh Allah hèh!"—over and over again as if they never would stop. Then half a dozen brawny fellows slipped out of their loose gowns—I know no other word to describe their dress—exhibiting figures like a splendid bronze Hercules, and leaped overboard. Taking a deep breath they stooped beneath the native boat quite under water trying to lift it by sheer force off the sand-bank. We got away shortly and left them still struggling and tugging like Atlas beneath his burden.

It was one of the most amusing things in the world to observe one of these long-gowned sailors with his head swathed in voluminous wrappings, climbing a mast, or taking in or reefing sail. A less suitable garb for this work it is impossible to conceive.

YOUNG WIFE OF A FELLAH.

The many ruined palaces and temples of Upper Egypt give one a vivid impression of the abounding wealth by which they must have been created. But there is also the sadder thought that they represent the unrewarded toil of thousands of slaves for hundreds of years. The cut on page 225 illustrates the common type; a large open court surrounded by rows of somewhat clumsy-looking columns which are deeply incised or brilliantly painted with

groups of figures generally representing the worship of the gods by the old Pharaohs. The size of the great lintels will be observed by comparing the height of the figure in the picture.

One night we went ashore at eleven o'clock to visit a noted temple at Esneh, and a very picturesque group we must have made. At our head was a swarthy, turbaned Arab sailor from the ship, then followed a whole procession of volunteer guides all bearing lanterns—Nubians, black as midnight, wrapped about the head and face with snowy turbans which made their ebony faces look blacker still. To my lot fell a similarly muffled Arab girl, who very carefully lighted my path, keenly expectant of backsheesh. Quite a procession we made up the steep bank, along the outer wall of the Arab town, then through its narrow streets and empty bazaars, and past a white dome and minaret of a mosque, gleaming like alabaster in the glorious moonlight of the cloudless sky and transparent atmosphere. At length we turned into a narrow street and stopped before a wooden gate. High above us towered the massive wall and overhanging cornice of an ancient temple. All around it for thousands of years the Arab town has been burying it deeper and deeper in rubbish till the entrance from the street was near the capitals of the giant columns. Then we went down a long stairway to the floor of the temple and

NILE AT FLOOD.

burned several pieces of magnesium wire, which lit up every recess with almost the light of day. Words fail to describe the beauty of those graceful lotus-crowned columns, of the deeply-inscribed hieroglyphs and pictures with which they and the walls are literally covered, and of the weird effect of the dark and turbaned figures in the bright magnesium glare, with its strong lights and deep shadows.

### THEBES, LUXOR AND KARNAK.*

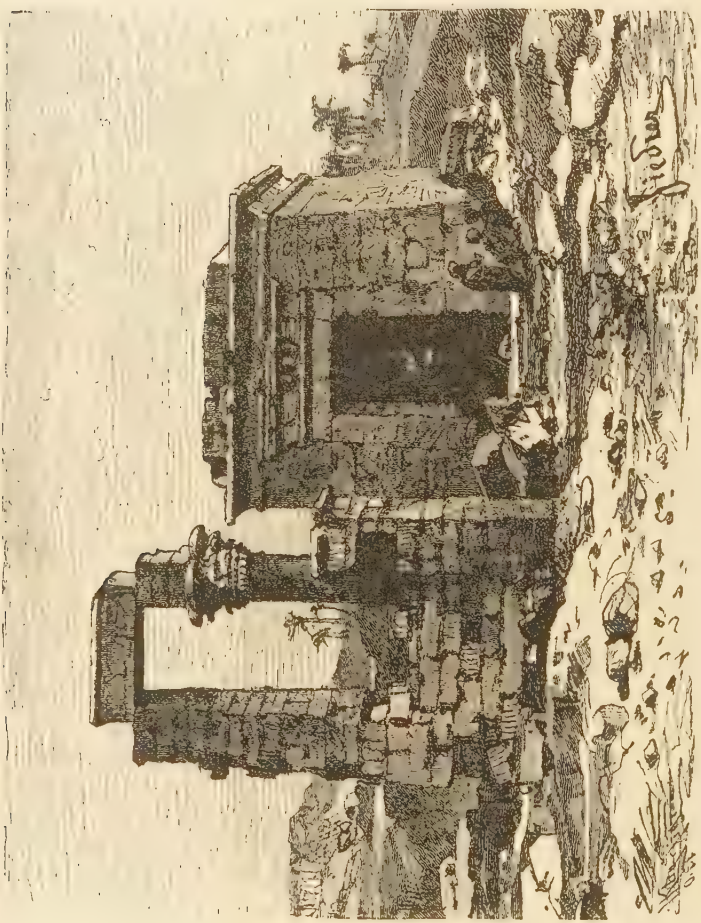
These names stand for the most remarkable group of ruins on the face of the earth. The "Hundred-gated Thebes" of Homer

RUINED TEMPLE, UPPER EGYPT.

extended for several miles on either side of the River Nile and occupied a fertile plain, about six hundred miles from the Mediterranean. According to Strabo, Thebes could furnish 20,000 war chariots, and must therefore have been a city of large population and wealth. Of this fact the vast necropolis and the extensive ruins of temples and palaces give ample demonstration. Excavated in the slopes of the Libyan Mountains are the tombs of the Pharaohs. These lords of Egypt prepared while alive a place of sepulchre where their bodies might remain forever inviolate. Hence vast crypts were made, extending for hundreds of feet into the solid rock. These were elaborately decorated

*This section is reprinted from *Zion's Herald*, Boston, for which paper it was written by request.—ED.

with religious and symbolic sculpture and painting. Huge sarcophagi of red granite were brought from the distant quarries of Nubia, and in these the dead kings were placed, each apart in his own secret chamber. But the desecration of many tombs for their enclosed treasure caused a high priest of the 21st dynasty.



TEMPLE OF HERMOUTHS.

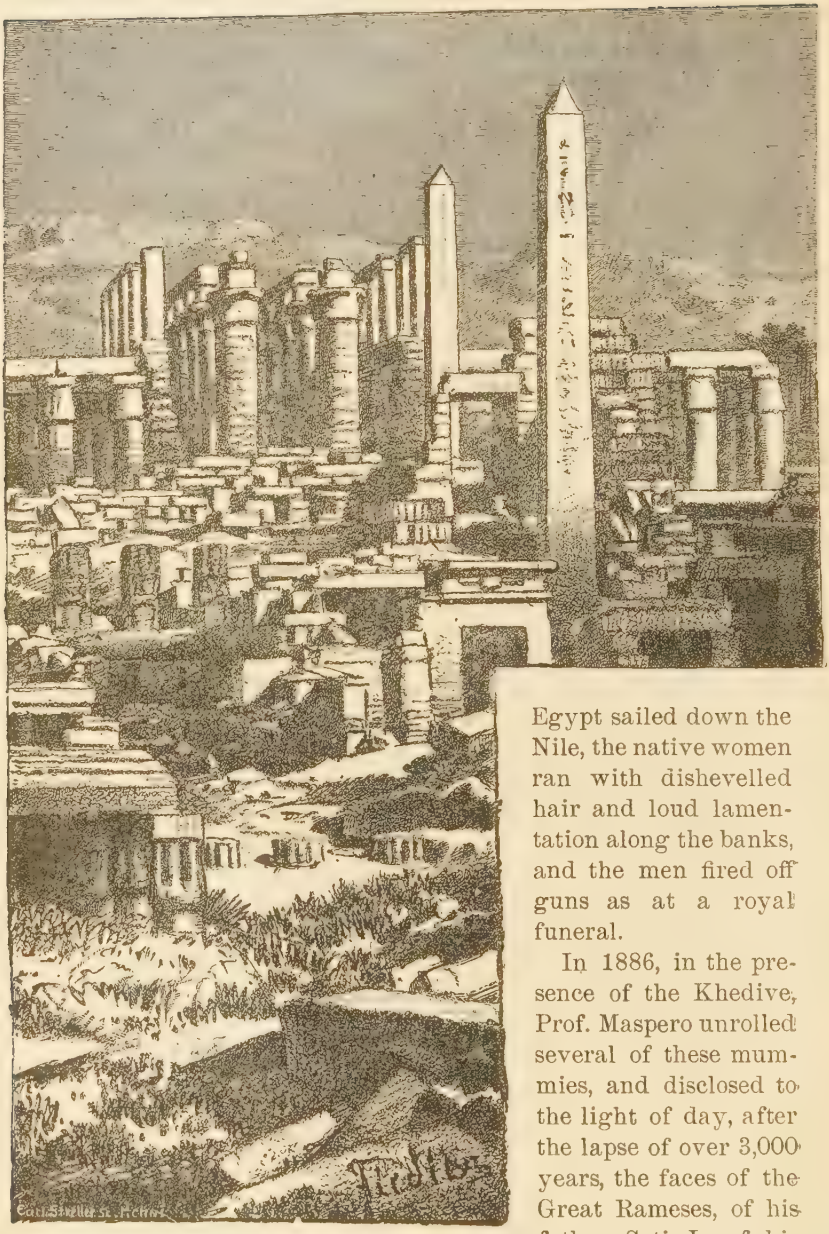
1100 years B.C., to remove the mummies of the Pharaohs to a secret tomb among the Libyan Hills, that their royal dust might remain thenceforth undisturbed.

The story of the finding of the Pharaohs as told in broken English, with much dramatic action by our dragoman, Yousef Mohammed, as he stood in the dim light of our wax tapers, beside the broken sarcophagus of Rameses III., lacked no element

of weird romance. In 1881, from the number of valuable finds brought to light by Ahmed-Abder-Rasoul, an Arab guide, Professor Maspero, director of the Boulak Museum, suspected that he was rifling some royal tomb, and had him arrested. For two months he lay in prison silent and sullen. Then his brother divulged the secret, a search for the lost treasure was made, and in a deep pit in a remote valley, 185 feet from the light of day,

SCULPTURED PILLARS FROM THE TEMPLE OF KARNAK.

was found a large sepulchral chamber containing the mummies of a score of the kings and queens of ancient Egypt, ranging from 1,750 to 1,100 years before the Christian era, clearly identified by their cartouch names upon their mummy cases. It required 300 Arabs five days to bring to the surface these long-buried dead, and to carry them to Luxor for shipment to Cairo. As the steamer conveying these ancient sovereigns of



RUINS OF KARNAK.

Egypt sailed down the Nile, the native women ran with dishevelled hair and loud lamentation along the banks, and the men fired off guns as at a royal funeral.

In 1886, in the presence of the Khedive, Prof. Maspero unrolled several of these mummies, and disclosed to the light of day, after the lapse of over 3,000 years, the faces of the Great Rameses, of his father Seti I., of his son Rameses III., and of other dead Pharaohs whose name and fame once filled the world. In the national

museum at Gezireh, I gazed long, face to face, on the stern features of Rameses II., the Sesostris of the Greeks, the Pharaoh

OWLS AND PALMS.

of the oppression and the exodus, whose monuments abound throughout the land of Egypt, and whose memory still haunts its mighty tombs and temples like an abiding presence.

One of the most conspicuous of the temples that bear his name is the famous Rameseum at Thebes. Here, lying prostrate in the dust, is his colossal portrait-statue—the hugest ever made, even in Egypt. It measured fifty-seven feet and five inches in height,

and weighed over 1,198 tons. As I climbed over this vast monolith, the problem how it was brought from the distant quarries of Nubia was difficult to understand. Sitting in an attitude of repose, with the hands upon the knees, it seemed to symbolize the rest of the mighty conqueror after his toil. Then followed court after court of crumbling columns and a vast pylon sculptured all over with the record of his achievements in his Syrian war, and with the proud boast: "By myself I have done battle; I have put to flight thousands of nations, and I was all alone."

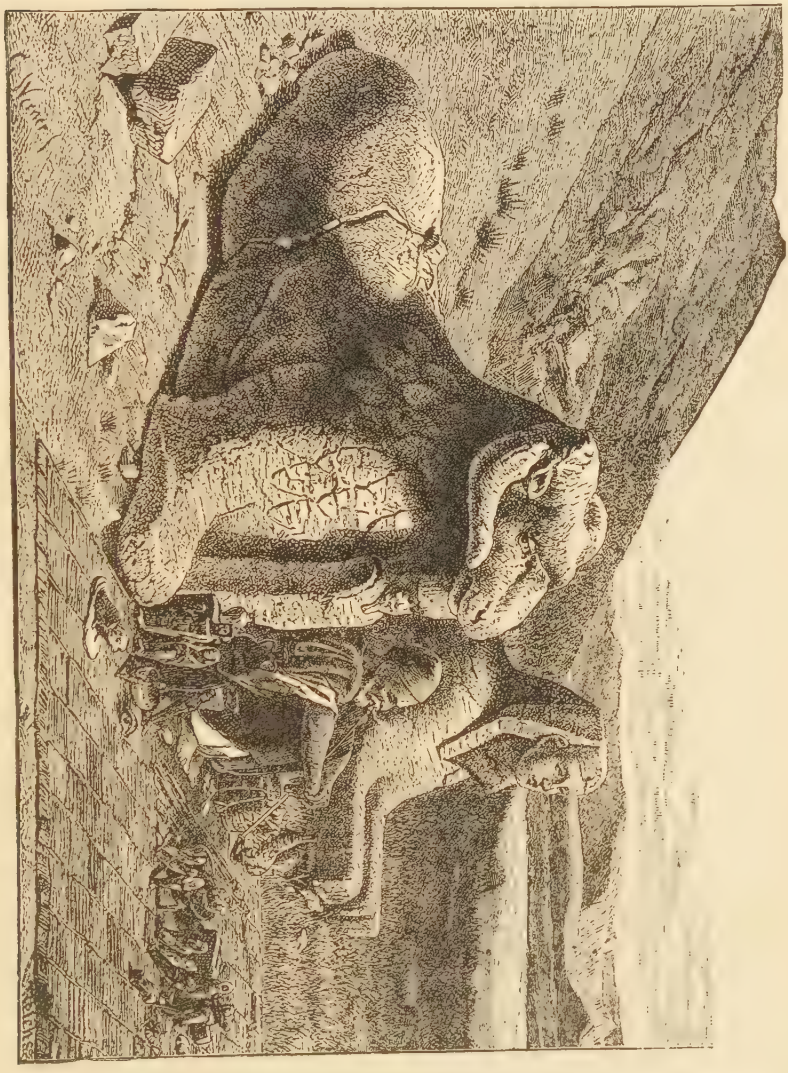
Within twenty minutes' ride is the still vaster palace and temple of Rameses III. This is of special interest as showing in sculptured bas-reliefs the king among his daughters, one of whom brings him flowers; with another he plays draughts; while he caresses another who is offering him fruits.

In a great court, surrounded by giant lotus columns eight feet in diameter, and having mutilated statues of Osiris around the walls, we ate our lunch. A graceful Arab girl, Zenobie by name (they are nearly all named after Zenobia, Queen of Palmyra, or Fatima, daughter of Mahomet), light-footed as a gazelle, carried cool water on her head in a porous jar; our Arab guide interpreted the hieroglyphs and sculptures with which the temple within and without was covered; and it was altogether a strange mingling of the living present and the long dead past.

Twenty minutes' ride through fields of ripening wheat brings us to the famous Colossi. For five and thirty centuries they have patiently sat side by side, daily greeting the day's first kiss. Each is a monolith of fifty-one feet two inches in height. They rest on pedestals thirteen feet high. Though shattered by the earthquake more than 1,900 years ago, they still are strangely impressive. One of these was the famous vocal Memnon, which was feigned to utter a voice of welcome every day to the rising sun, and sometimes with courtly complaisance to repeat the greeting in the presence of some great conqueror or potentate. My Arab donkey-boy climbed into the lap of the vocal Memnon—a mere dwarf in that mighty presence—and sharply struck again and again the sonorous stone, which responded in clear, ringing utterance for the benefit of a pilgrim from a land undiscovered for 3,000 years after the great Amenophis III., whom it commemorates, had gone to his sepulchre.

The temple of Luxor is only less stupendous than that of Karnak. It commemorates the might and pride of Amenophis III. and of Rameses the Great. Its remaining obelisk—the twin of that in the *Place de la Concorde* in Paris—is one of the most perfect in existence. Amid its mighty columns the paltry pillars

of a Coptic church, or of Roman Basilica—it is hard to decide which—but emphasize the architectural grandeur of the ancient structure. An Arab mosque and part of a squalid village still occupy a portion of its site, but so vast is the whole that they



RAM-HEADED AND HUMAN-HEADED PHŒNIXES.

scarce mar its symmetry. I wandered beneath those towering shafts at sunset and watched the red glow on their lotus capitals turn to ashy gray, and the shadows gather in its solemn aisles. At night I had it illuminated with magnesium wire—a sort of artificial moon whose white light and deep shadows added a

feeling of mystery and vagueness that greatly increased the impressiveness of the scene.

From the great pylon, or gateway of Luxor, extended for two miles an avenue of ram-headed sphinxes, now for the most part concealed beneath the ground, though many rise above the surface, reminding one of Milton's lion, springing from the earth and "pawing to get free his hinder part." This avenue leads us to the great Temple of Karnak—the most stupendous structure ever erected by the hand of man. The length of the principal group of buildings is over one-third of a mile—1,995 feet; its breadth is 370 feet. A mighty pylon or gateway, of this width and 50 feet deep, rises to the height of 140 feet. But mere figures give a vague idea of its majestic proportions. From its main portals other avenues of sphinxes lead to other temples, cumbering the earth with ruins for hundreds of acres. The great hall is 170 by 329 feet. Its massive roof was supported by 134 gigantic columns, twelve of them being sixty-two feet high and eleven feet and six inches in diameter, and 122 being forty-two feet high and nine feet and four inches in diameter. Shattered by an earthquake B.C. 27, several of them lean like fallen cliffs against other columns, carrying with them their huge lintels and architraves. Others are broken into huge, drum-like sections, and in wild confusion cumber the ground. I clambered over these and climbed to the top of the columns, and wandered over the lofty lintels, trying to imagine by what power these huge stones—the main lintel was over 40 feet long—were raised so high in air.

In the adjacent Hall of Caryatides (so named from the impressive colossal figures of Thothmes I. as the god Osiris) rises a majestic shaft which dwarfs all others—the tallest obelisk on earth—a single stone 108 feet and 10 inches high, and eight feet square at its base. Another obelisk of similar size lies shattered at its foot. An inscription records that both of these were brought from the distant quarries of Nubia and sculptured from base to summit and erected in the space of seven months in the year 1660 B.C.; and that they were the monument of the love of Thothmes I. for his daughter, Queen Hatasu. Had ever woman grander monument than this?

On an adjacent temple wall is an inscription recording the names of the countries conquered by Thothmes III. "This list," says the distinguished Egyptologist, Mariette Bey, "is nothing less than a synoptical table of the Promised Land, made 270 years before the exodus." Indeed, several scholars think that they have found here the names of the patriarchs Jacob and Joseph.

The whole outer wall is covered with reliefs and hieroglyphs recording the conquests of these old Pharaohs. One of these

recounts the victories of the "Shishak" of the Bible over Rehoboam, king of Israel. With upraised arm he is about to smite a group of captives at his feet. One of the captives bears the name Judah Melek, which Champollion interpreted as "King of Judah," but it is probably the name of a place instead of a person. It makes the story of these old kings strangely vivid to see for one's self their contemporary portraits, and furnishes a remarkable confirmation of the truths of Holy Writ.

Here, as elsewhere, one of the temples had been converted into a Coptic church, and the pictures of the saints of Christendom blend strangely with the sculptures of the pagan Horus and Osiris.

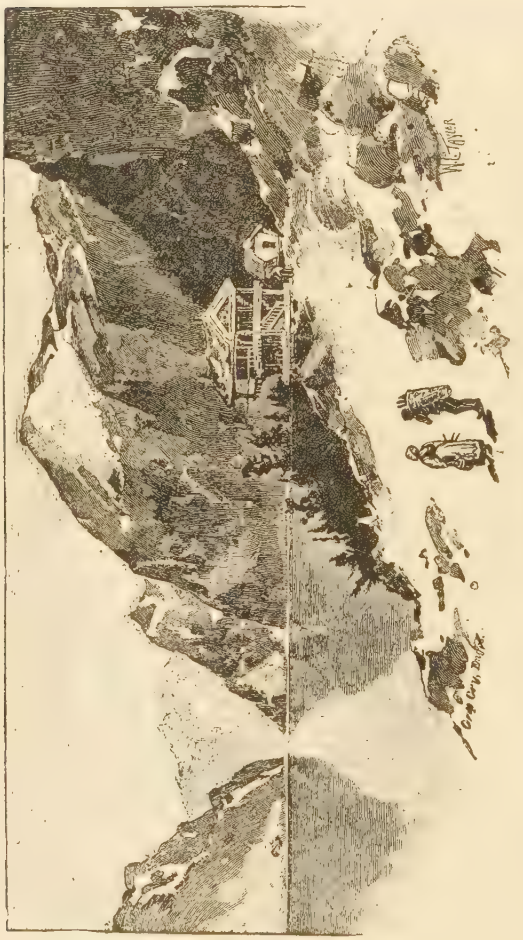
Three visits to Karnak but deepened my impressions of its majesty. In the evening light I climbed its mighty pylon to see the sun set over the plain of Thebes. Through the broad expanse of vivid green flowed with many a curve the River Nile. On the eastern horizon the Arabian mountains burned like a topaz in the ruddy light. In the west the Libyan range were veiled in a tender opalescent blue almost as pale as pearl. The lengthening shadows of the Colossi crept across the plain. The feathery palm trees waved in the evening breeze. The golden light grew a deeper crimson till the river, as if smitten again by the rod of Moses, seemed turning into blood. Upon just such a scene the eyes of Rameses and Thothmes and fair Hatasu, and later of the Ptolemies and Cæsar and Antony and Cleopatra, must often have rested. The past seemed more real than the present. Then the shrill clamour of the squalid Arab village at my feet broke the spell. The muezzin's plaintive call to prayer wailed out from the minaret. The afterglow of sunset turned to ashen gray. As the shadows gathered I wandered, amid the deepening gloom of the forest of columns in the Great Hall and reflected on the vanity of human greatness, the evanescence of human life. The lords of the ancient world built those mighty fanes to defy the power of time. Now, like those shattered ruins—the resort of owls and bats—their empire is broken, and haunted by memories of fallen greatness and faded renown.

Mounting my camel in the great colonnade where many a priestly procession had swept, I rode away in the twilight, dimly discerning the criosphinxes and the cat-headed deities that peered above the sand in the ruined temple of Mout. My faithful camel-boy, Abdullah Mohammed, recounted a legendary folk-tale of a king and a priest and a cow and her calf; and repeated, as if it were new, the riddle of the sphinx about the creature that walks first on four legs, then on two, and last on three—the endless symbol of human life. And thus I took leave forever of Karnak and Luxor and Thebes.

# MOUNTAIN, LOCH, AND FJORD.

BY REV. W. J. DAWSON.

THERE was a delicious crispness in the air on that June morning when I arrived at Aberdeen *en route* for Norway. The sea was a spangled sheet of purest cobalt, a fresh wind blew, and a strong sun shone. In a few moments all were safely on board the *St. Sunniva*, the screw began to revolve, and the distant hills of Scotland became mere blue shapes, growing momentarily fainter in outline.



NORWEGIAN FJORD.

It was Sunday morning, and the coast of Norway was just in sight. And what a marvellous coast it is! In and out we wound, close to the glistening ridges of rock on which the green water and white foam rolled confused, and within a stone-throw of quaint gaily-painted houses, and everywhere a sea of shifting colour, and the clearest atmosphere, in which every rock-pinnacle glittered luminously distinct. The first impression of Norway is its richness of colour. Vividness is its characteristic note; and man seems to have followed the hint that Nature has

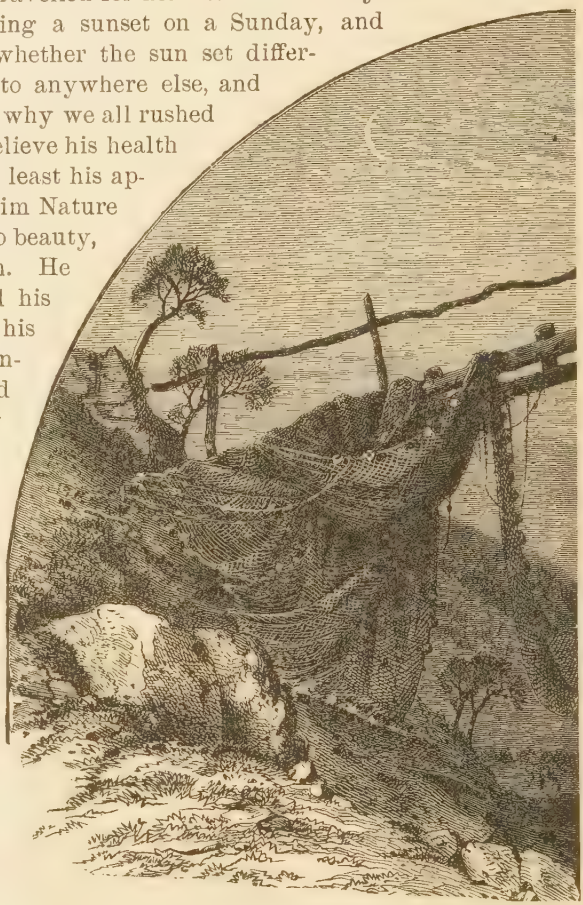
given him. A sail shoots out from a little bay, a brilliant orange-coloured sail; a little church is seen upon the upland with a spire that is painted red; a ship goes past whose hulk is a bright green, whose sails are tawny yellow, whose crew are red-capped; the very grass is vivid in colour; the houses are of all shades, but all bright, and the water has an exquisite depth of tone, which makes even Henry Moore's realistic seas look muddy and opaque. In the valleys stranger combinations of colour are found. Many of the houses have roofs which are covered with an exquisite blue flower, and the fields overflow with pansies. Nature in Norway knows but a short summer, but she crowds all her wealth into it. She does not sulk for weeks together, hanging leaden curtains over everything, and only shining out upon us at intervals in capricious splendour. She gives you good weather or bad weather, and there's an end of it. There is no indecision about her methods —if it rains, it pours; if it shines, it blazes.

She certainly did her best for us that Sunday, as we sailed up the Hardanger to Odde. She did her worst later on when I walked down the Nærodal to Gudvangen. Yet I could not grumble. It was just the sort of weather for the place. High each side, four or five thousand feet at least, rose those terrible serrated peaks, those ghostly congregations of grim pinnacles, with the tangled vapours driving through them in fantastic shapes, the sun touching one till it seemed like a mighty torch blazing in the wind, another black and dreadful under its weight of impending cloud, till you felt it like a frightful menace; and that roaring wind and wild weather and streaming rain-cloud were the true accessories to the picture, the exact framework which proved how great an artist Nature is. And to that was added the thunder of water falling from immense heights, and shaking the very air with ceaseless vibrations, for everywhere

> The monstrous ledges slope and spill
> Their thousand wreaths of dangling water-smoke,
> That, like a broken purpose, waste in air.

There are many wonderful problems of the human mind unsolved yet; but upon my word, I think the most extraordinary is, "Why do people travel?" Why do people who are terrified if a rain-drop falls on them travel in Scotland, where it always rains? I sat this year beside an American lady on a coach; she had come from America presumably to see the Trossachs, and she read a yellow-backed novel assiduously all the way between Loch Lomond and Loch Katrine. There was an old man on the *St. Sunniva* who behaved himself unseemly (this is a quotation—no offence meant) in a similar way, and I regret to say he was a

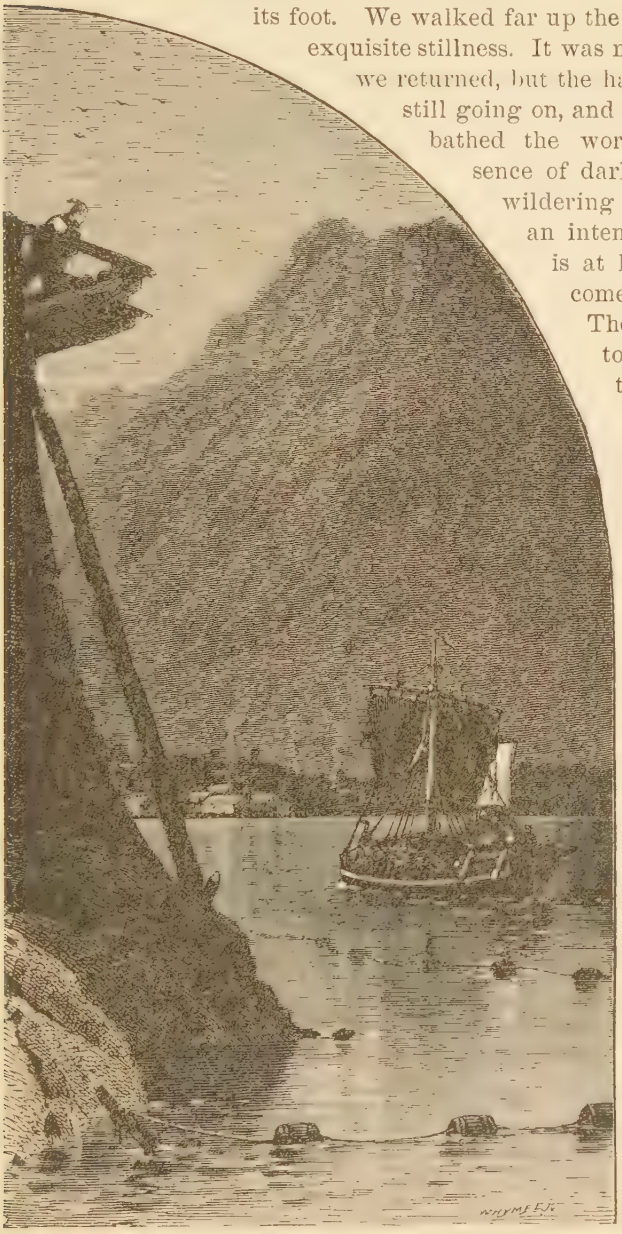
parson. He informed us that he thought it wicked to travel for "pleesure." *He* travelled for his health. He objected to anyone admiring a sunset on a Sunday, and wanted to know whether the sun set differently in Norway to anywhere else, and whether that was why we all rushed to look at it. I believe his health was excellent—at least his appetite was. For him Nature had no message, no beauty, and no inspiration. He steadily devoured his meals, and turned his back upon the sunsets. He preached one Sunday, by special arrangement of his own, to the stokers and the crew; and his text was, "All is vanity and vexation of spirit." Possibly his meals had disagreed with him that day.



SOGN, NORWAY.

I can give no itinerary, quote no guide-book eloquence. That is not my purpose. I am beginning to think the guide-book a mistake on a holiday. I like to look at things quietly, and am growing indifferent as to their height or history. Trondhjem, Molde, Gudvangen, Odde, Vossevangen, the Lotefos, the Romsdal, the Hornelen—these henceforth are words to conjure with. They recall lovely scene after scene, and are the bless of solitude. Who among us is likely to forget the Romsdal? It was nine in the evening when we arrived, but absolutely light, for there is no night in Norway in June Quaint, green-painted, sharp-prowed boats floated on the pale-green water; the wooden houses were rose-coloured with the evening light; the peak of the Romsdal

rose sheer and solemn into that lucid sky, and was perfectly reflected in the still water of the pools around its foot. We walked far up the valley in that exquisite stillness. It was midnight when we returned, but the haymaking was still going on, and a soft twilight bathed the world. This absence of darkness is a bewildering thing; at first an intense pleasure, it is at last apt to become a privation. There is nothing to remind you that it is time to sleep; you walk in a magic world, a touch of fairyland appears to be on everything. Through the solemn evening hush a number of waterfalls resound; the murmur of innumerable streams you meet everywhere. The glaciers all but join the sea; Alps and ocean are combined. Even where tourists most abound the people are still fresh and simple, and the huge caravanserai of Switzerland is mercifully unknown.



WATCHING FOR SALMON.

The best hotels have a charming homeliness about them; and you have only to drive a few miles inland to find peasant life wholly uncorrupted, and, let us hope, incorruptible.

Sailing homeward through that intricate and wonderful inner channel we had another Sunday and a service at sea. I preached in the saloon, and just as "Abide with Me" was sung, in through the port-holes rushed a flood of crimson splendour. There was no deepening darkness: far away to westward the sea flamed with radiance, and over the piled clouds the crimson light boiled like a cauldron. We seemed to have sailed beyond the world were we have need to sing, often with too sad significance, "Fast falls the eventide." "And I saw a sea of glass mingled with fire." Some of us, at least, recollected the familiar words, and already seemed to look on a world where there was no night, and where sorrow and sighing had fled away. So John may have looked over the transfigured sea when he wrote the words in Patmos. Isle clustered behind isle; vast stretches of purple water trembled round us, dying away in the far distance into innumerable shades of violet and opal; the mountains of Norway were folded in the eastward, and their eternal snows rose like silent witnesses to the awful purity and power of God. We never know how near we sail to that New Jerusalem. For one, at least, of my hearers that was the last occasion of earthly worship. Five hours after reaching Scotland she was dead.

Other hours I spent this summer beside loch and mountain, but of these I have no space to speak. Scotland, too, is beautiful, and more than once, when rainbows spanned Ben Ledi and the sunset steeped Loch Achray and the Trossachs in tender glory, I thought that even Norway could not claim pre-eminence of charm. Six other services I held in a little church beside the sea, where purple hills form the background, and the low-sailing clouds weave a depth of light and shadow which can be found nowhere else, or, at least, nowhere in such perfection. Dwelling among simple people, living in a cottage, spending hours every day in the solitude of glens and moorland, the charm of simplicity grows upon the heart, and one learns to feel how true it is that we disquiet ourselves in vain. One learns also to admire and love these simple people who live under the shadow of these hills, far from the hum and stir of cities, and yet are educated in the best sense, and are fit to be companions of, and even examples to, the highest. Often I thought of Wordsworth's lines:

> "Love had he found in huts where poor men lie,
> His daily teachers were the woods and rills,
> The silence that is in the starry sky,
> The sleep that is among the lovely hills."

# THE FIRST HUNDRED YEARS OF MODERN MISSIONS.*

BY THE REV. J. S. ROSS, M.A.

## FIRST PAPER.

"Ride on, triumphant Lord,
A hundred years record
Thy victories won;
Hasten the glorious day
When all shall own Thy sway,
And earth and heaven shall say
The work is done."

## A CENTURY OF MODERN MISSION CHRONOLOGY.

1792. The first British Foreign Missionary Society organized through the efforts of Carey.
1793. Carey landed in India.
1795. London Missionary Society organized.
1796. First mission of London Missionary Society opened at Tahiti, Society Islands.
1798. Death of Schwartz.
1799. Dr. Vanderkemp (Lon. Miss. Soc'y) opened mission to Kaffirs in South Africa.
1804. British and Foreign Bible Society organized.
Mission to Sierra Leone opened.
1807. Morrison (Lon. Miss. Soc'y), first missionary to China.
Slave-trade in British dominions abolished by Parliament.
1810. American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions organized.
1812. Church Missionary Society organized; (in 1799 organized under another name).
Wesleyan mission to South Africa opened.
1813. East India Co. compelled by Parliament to tolerate missionaries.
Judson arrived at Rangoon, Burmah.
1814. American Baptist Missionary Society organized.
Mission to New Zealand opened by Church Missionary Society.
Death of Dr. Coke, on Indian Ocean, aged sixty-seven.
1816. American Bible Society organized.
Moffat sailed for Africa.
1817. Wesleyan Missionary Society organized.
1818. Conversion under Moffat of Africaner, "the terror of South Africa."
Madagascar Mission opened (Lon. Miss. Soc'y).

*Authorities consulted: Encyclopædia of Missions, 2 vols., Funk & Wagnalls, 1891; Report of Missionary Conference, London, 1888, 2 vols.; Report of First and Second Œcumenical Methodist Conferences; Patterson's Prize Essay on Missions; Seelye's "Christian Missions"; Pierson's "Crisis of Missions"; Pierson's "Miracles of Mission's"; Withrow's "Romance of Missions"; Gracey's "China"; Robson's "Outlines of Protestant Missions"; Dorchester's "Problem of Religious Progress"; Read's "Hand of God in History"; Montefiore's "Life of Livingstone"; Myer's "Life of Carey"; Dean's "Life of Moffat"; Townsend's "Life of Morrison"; "Exeter Hall Lectures"; *Gospel in all Lands*, to date; *Missionary Review of the World*, to date.

1818. Death of Samuel J. Mills, off west coast of Africa, the originator of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missons, and of the American Bible Society.
1819. Missionary Society of Methodist Episcopal Church, U.S., organized.
First Christian book printed in Siamese.
Whole of Bible translated into Chinese by Morrison, assisted by Milne.
1820. Mission to Hawaiian Islands opened.
1821. Mission to Liberia opened.
1822. Missions to Tonga Islands, and to New Zealand opened by the Wesleyan Missionary Society.
1823. Raratonga Island, which had eluded the search of Capt. Cook, discovered by John Williams, and mission opened.
1824. Missionary Society of Methodist Church of Canada organized; also that of the Protestant Episcopal Church of America; and that of France.
1826. Mission to the Karens ("wild men of Burmah") commenced.
1828. First Karen convert.
1829. Widow-burning abolished by the British Government in India.
1830. Duff arrived in India.
1833. Slavery abolished in the British Empire; (went into operation August 1st, 1834).
First foreign mission of Methodist Episcopal Church of U.S. to Liberia commenced.
Death of Melville B. Cox, first foreign missionary of Methodist Episcopal Church, U.S.
1834. Death of Carey, "the pioneer of modern missions."
Death of Morrison, "the pioneer missionary to China."
1835. Mission to the Fiji Islands, opened by the Wesleyan missionaries, Cross and Cargill.
1836. Missionaries banished from Madagascar.
1837. First native Madagascar martyr.
Krapf set out for East Africa.
1839. John Williams, "the apostle of Polynesia," murdered at Erromanga, aged forty-four.
1840. Livingstone sails for Africa.
Canton, China, taken by the English.
1842. Hong Kong ceded to the English; Canton and four other cities opened.
1844. Missions to China re-opened.
Missionary Society of Presbyterian Church in Canada organized.
1845. Evangelical Alliance organized.
1846. Death of James Evans, Canadian Methodist missionary, and inventor of the syllabic characters.
1848. Mission to the New Hebrides Islands commenced by Dr. Geddie, of the Presbyterian Church, Nova Scotia.
1850. Missionary Society organized by the New Zealanders.
Death of Judson, "the apostle of Burmah."
1851. First Zenana teaching in the East begun in Siam.
1853. Missionary Society organized by Sandwich Islanders.
Wesleyan Mission in China opened.
Com. Perry (U.S.) sails into Yeddo Bay, Japan.

1858. Japan opened by Townsend Harris Treaty to the Western world after being closed 219 years (treaty went into full operation following year).
Christianity tolerated in China by the Treaty of Tientsin, (carried into effect in 1860).
Government of East India Co. abolished by British Parliament.
1859. First missionary in Japan.
1861. Persecution in Madagascar ceased and mission re-opened.
1862. Jesuits enter Madagascar.
King George of Tonga gave a constitutional government founded on Christian principles.
1864. First convert in Japan.
1865. China Inland Mission commenced.
1870. Missionaries to Hawaiian Islands made last report to their society, these islands having ceased to be missionary ground.
1871. First Protestant Church opened in Rome.
Bishop Patteson, of Melanesian Islands, murdered at Nukapu.
Mission to New Guinea opened, (largest island in the world).
Livingstone found by Stanley at Ujiji.
1872. First Protestant Church organized in Japan.
Mission to Formosa, China, opened by Presbyterian Church in Canada.
1873. Livingstone found dead at his bedside on his knees at Ilala, Lake Bangweolo.
Canadian Baptist Missionary Society organized.
First foreign mission of Methodist Church of Canada, commenced in Japan.
Edict against Christianity in Japan taken down.
1874. Livingstone buried in Westminster Abbey.
Fiji islands ceded by their chiefs to Great Britain.
1875. King Mtesa desires missionary teachers to be sent to Uganda, East Africa.
Presbyterian Church in Canada opened a mission in Central India.
1876. Mission to Uganda commenced.
Woman's Presbyterian Missionary Society of Canada organized.
1877. Stanley's journey across Africa from Zanzibar and emerging at the mouth of the Congo, 7,000 miles, completed in 999 days.
1878. Missions to the Congo opened.
Great revival at the Baptist Mission among the Telugus ("Lone Star Mission"); 10,000 baptized between June and December.
Consecration of the great Memorial Hall by the Karens on the fiftieth anniversary of the first convert.
Buddhist temple in Province of Shantung, China, deeded as a free gift to missionaries for Christian uses.
Death of Dr. Duff, aged seventy-two.
1881. Woman's Methodist Missionary Society of Canada organized.
Canada Congregational Missionary Society organized.
1882. Corea, "the hermit nation," the latest opened to the Gospel.
1883. Death of Moffat.
Church of England Missionary Society in Canada organized.
1884. Stanley opened the Congo basin; 5,249 miles of navigable rivers; eleven million square miles of territory; inhabited by forty-three millions of people.

Berlin Conference for government of the Congo country ; agreement signed by fifteen ruling powers.

1885. Congo Free State erected.
Bishop Hannington murdered at Uganda by orders of Mwango.

1888. First railroad built in China with sanction of the Government.
First mission of Presbyterian Church in Canada to China mainland opened.
Whole Bible translated in Japanese.

1890. Memorable Missionary Conference at Shanghai, China,
Sultan of Zanzibar issued decree against the slave-trade.
Death of McKay, of Uganda.

1891. Susi, who brought Livingstone's body and papers to the coast, a journey of nearly 1,000 miles, and of a year's duration, died at Zanzibar.
Edict of Chinese Emperor proclaiming toleration of Christianity.
First section of Congo River railroad completed.
Latest new mission, in totally unoccupied territory undertaken—the Central Soudan.
Death of Samuel Crowther. "Born a slave, died a bishop."

1892. Death of James Calvert, noted missionary to Fiji.
The Brussels Treaty respecting the prohibition of the slave-trade, fire-arms, and the liquor-traffic in the Congo Free State and interior of Africa, covering an area twice the size of Europe with a population of twenty-five millions of souls, signed by seventeen powers.
Mission opened in a populous but unevangelized province of China, by the Methodist Church, Canada.

---

## PREVIOUS TO THE OPENING OF THE MISSIONARY ERA.

"Some day Love shall claim his own,
Some day Right ascend the throne,
Some day hidden Truth be known,
Some day—some sweet day."

### Missions Undertaken.

By common consent the year 1792 marks the beginning of the modern missionary movement—a distinct epoch in the development of Protestant Christianity. Yet this does not imply that there were no missions before that date. The names of Egede, Stach, Ziegenbalg and Schwartz are well known in this period.

The Moravian brotherhood rose to notice when the zeal of all Churches was at the coldest. Driven from Moravia, Count Zinzendorf (author of the hymn, "Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness,") bought an estate for the refugees, near the foot of a hill. This they called Herrnhut—(The Lord's Shelter)—a name which has since gone round the world. The society was composed of about 600 labourers and artizans, yet in the short space of eight or nine years, commencing in 1732, they had sent missionaries to Greenland, the West Indies, the Indians of North America, the negroes of South Carolina, to Lapland, Tartary, Guinea, South Africa and Ceylon. They now report 392 ordained ministers,

preaching at 133 stations, to 23,901 communicants. Their missionaries frequently started without knowing how to reach their destination, and often had to procure support by working with their own hands. As showing their spirit, Count Zinzendorf went to a brother and said: "Can you go as a missionary to Greenland. Can you go to-morrow?" And the reply was: "I will start to-morrow if the shoemaker has finished my shoes which I ordered." So long as mankind can appreciate purity of intention, self-sacrifice, and heroism, the name of the Moravian brotherhood will never die.

Missions to the heathen were not undertaken by the Wesleyans until 1786, when Dr. Coke, destined for Nova Scotia, was providentially driven by a storm to the British West Indies, where a mission to the slaves was immediately begun at Antigua. "During his (Dr. Coke's) life it was not deemed necessary to organize a missionary society among the Wesleyans, for he embodied that great interest in his own person." He crossed the Atlantic eighteen times in prosecution of the work of God.

"The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts" was formed in 1701, rather for colonial than foreign missionary objects. This society became distinctly missionary in 1821. Thus, with the exception of the Danish missions represented by Ziegenbalg and Schwartz, and the work of the Moravians and Wesleyans, the whole heathen world, previous to the opening of the missionary epoch, was left in spiritual destitution, not "a solitary representative of the Churches of Great Britain being found on earth preaching Christ to those who had never heard His name."

### Condition of the Churches.

It has been truly said, "Never has there been a century in England so void of faith as that which began with Queen Anne and ended with George II., when the Puritans were buried and the Methodists not born." Blackstone, about this period, said he had heard every clergyman of note in London, but not one discourse that had more Christianity in it than the orations of Cicero, or showed whether the preacher was a disciple of Confucius, Mohammed or Christ.

What missionary activity could there be in Churches of this description? To diffuse such a Christianity would be a calamity; but happily it has no inherent diffusiveness. The only hope of the Churches themselves, and of the world, lay in a revival of religion. This occurred under the labours of Wesley and Whitfield, and one year after Wesley was dead, William Carey, *clarum et venerabile nomen,* succeeded, despite many discouragements, in organizing the first British Foreign Missionary Society, under the auspices of the Baptist Church.

To understand his difficulties it may be necessary to recall the prevailing sentiments of the people at that time, both in and out of the Church. When Carey proposed in the Baptist Association to discuss the advisability of sending missionaries to the heathen, Rev. Dr. Ryland is reported to have said: "Young man, sit down; when God pleases to convert the heathen He will do it without your aid or mine." Dr. Ryland simply expressed the prevailing sentiment of the majority of Christian people at that time. The East India Company refused to take Carey to India in one of their vessels. When they found he intended to be a missionary, they ordered him off the vessel, but he reached Calcutta by a Danish ship. Even after his arrival, but for the firm conduct of the governor of the little Danish settlement at Serampore, to which he was invited, Carey and his family would have been seized and sent back to Europe by the first vessel. Charles Grant, who ultimately rose to be the head of the East India Company, wrote to the Rev. Charles Simeon to send out missionaries to the East, and promised to support them. Simeon failed to find one. Grant afterwards wrote: "I had formed the design of a mission to Bengal; Providence reserved that honour for the Baptists."

A bishop of the Church of England said he had in his diocese a very good clergyman, but one who was very eccentric, and gave as proof of it the fact that the said clergyman actually believed the Red Indians of North America could be converted! Fuller, who was collecting for the new Baptist society, went aside into the by-ways of London city to weep over the callousness of wealthy Christians. Three years after Carey had arrived in India, the Assembly of the Church of Scotland denounced the scheme of foreign missions as "illusive," "visionary," "dangerous to the good order of society," and as "improper and absurd to propagate the Gospel abroad, so long as there remained a single individual at home without the means of religious knowledge."

But the above was mild compared with the diatribe of the Rev. Sydney Smith, who pronounced the scheme of foreign missions as "absurdity in hysterics," "preposterousness run mad," "illusion dancing in maddest frenzy," "the unsubstantial dream and vision of a dreamer who dreams that he has been dreaming."

In the United States, Mills, Judson, Newell, and Nott held the now famous "haystack" meeting, to start a foreign missionary society; and because public opinion was opposed to them, by article 4, the existence of their society was made secret. When a few years afterwards it was proposed to charter the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, by the Massachusetts Legislature, Mr. B. W. Crowinshield objected on the ground that

"it would export religion whereas there was none to spare away from ourselves," to which the proper rejoinder was made that "religion is a commodity, the more of which is exported the more we have remaining." At first the Senate rejected the bill, but of five Boston papers, not one gave a report of the debate, or even an abstract of it! What surprise and comment would such a legislative act excite to-day!

## AMERICA.

"Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears Him in the wind."

### Missions to the Indians.

The first missionary to the Indians was Rev. John Eliot. He preached the first sermon ever delivered in North America to the Indians in their native tongue. He took a language which had no literature, and had never been reduced to writing, and in eight years had the whole Bible translated. It was absolutely the first case in history of the translation and printing of the whole Bible for evangelizing purposes. It was issued in 1663, being the first Bible printed in America. "Prayers and pains," he said, "through faith in Jesus Christ will do anything." Respecting his preaching to the Indians, both in Old and New England it was declared the whole scheme was to make money, and that the conversion of Indians was a fable. He lived however to see six Indian churches and a thousand members. Southey pronounced him "one of the most extraordinary men of any country." He was followed by Brainerd in the same work.

Another name in connection with Indian missions which deserves to be perpetuated in history, is that of Rev. James Evans, a Canadian Methodist missionary and the inventor of syllabic characters for the Cree Indians, and by which they are enabled to read with surprising facility. Lord Dufferin said to Rev. E. R. Young: "Why, what a blessing to humanity that man was who invented this alphabet. I profess to be a kind of literary man myself, and try to keep up my reading of what is going on, but I never heard of this before. The fact is," he added, "the nation has given many a man a title and a pension, then a resting-place and monument in Westminster Abbey, who never did half so much for his fellow-creatures."

### Missions to Greenland.

For thirteen years in northern Norway, Hans Egede heard the Macedonian cry to go to Greenland. His proposal to set out for that inhospitable region, raised a storm of opposition, but after a

voyage of eight weeks he landed there in 1721. Thus began the Danish mission. He was three years in learning the language, and remained there fifteen years.

The Moravian mission began in 1733 (twelve years after Egede), under the Messrs. Stach and Christian David. Before they departed, Count Von Pless recounted the difficulties. "How will you live," he asked. "We will cultivate the soil." "But there is no soil—only ice and snow." "Then we must try and live as the natives do." "But in what will you live?" "We will build ourselves a house." "But there is no wood in the country." "Then we will dig holes in the ground and live there." "No," said the count, here are $50, and take wood with you." Their voyage lasted six weeks. The natives were very indifferent to their teachings and mimicked them. They laboured five years before they had one convert. Though zealous and self-sacrificing, Egede the Danish missionary had little success, from the fact he did not give due prominence to the direct preaching of redemption through the blood of Christ. The truth was preached as part of a creed. The Moravians, on the other hand, addressed the heart rather than the reason and had greater success.

## SUMMARY OF MISSION WORK IN AMERICA.

*(Compiled principally from "Encyclopædia of Missions," Funk & Wagnalls, 1891.)*

| COUNTRY. | Population. | No. of Societies. | Stations. | Ordained Missionaries | Native Ordained Ministers. | Churches. | Sabbath School Scholars. | Common Schools. | Communicants. | Native Contributions for all purposes. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Greenland | 9,780 | 1 | 6 | 16 | ..... | .... | ..... | 32 | 780 | ..... |
| Alaska | 30,426 | 3 | 5 | 14 | ..... | .... | 60 | 3 | ..... | ..... |
| Labrador | 4,211 | 1 | 6 | 38 | ..... | .... | ..... | 6 | 496 | ..... |
| Indians, Canada | 124,589 | 4 | 85 | 62 | ..... | .... | ..... | .... | 6,041 | ..... |
| " U.S.A. | 249,273 | 12 | .... | 163 | ..... | .... | ..... | .... | 21,922 | ..... |
| West Indies | 5,726,876 | 10 | 289 | 112 | 488 | 148 | 43,593 | 169 | 69,707 | $863,166 |
| Mexico | 11,632,924 | 8 | 269 | 50 | 128 | 201 | 7,689 | 138 | 13,263 | 20,360 |
| Central America | 3,172,684 | 2 | 15 | 22 | 6 | 1 | 805 | 12 | 871 | 15 |
| South America | 35,250,224 | 7 | 140 | 14 | 47 | 116 | 3,910 | 63 | 14,366 | 57,168 |
| TOTALS | 56,200,987 | 48 | .... | 491 | ..... | .... | 56,057 | .... | 127,446 | $940,709 |

WOODSTOCK, Ont.

# LAURENCE OLIPHANT.*

A STRANGE, a brilliant, yet in some respects a disappointing career was Laurence Oliphant's. Descended from an ancient and highly respectable Scotch house—the son of Sir Anthony Oliphant, a colonial judge, and a very accomplished man—it may safely be said that, as the most distinguished members of his family must be reckoned his biographer and himself. He started with but few of those special advantages which men of rank and wealth possess. Yet at a very early age he had won for himself no inconsiderable reputation. Whilst still young he was at once the darling of "society" and its keenest satirist; he had achieved distinguished diplomatic successes; he had entered Parliament amidst the highest hopes of himself and his friends—when suddenly he renounced position and prospects, everything that he held dearest in this life, to accept the hardest discipline and the most imperious dictation which it is possible for a human being to subject himself to.

Laurence Oliphant was born in Cape Town in 1829. His father was then the Attorney-General of the colony. Both father and mother were deeply and sincerely religious, "were evangelical, in their sentiments, after the strictest fashion of that devout and much-abused form of faith." Their one ambition for "Laury" was that he should grow up a good Christian man. Very touching are some of the examples given of their intense desire in this matter. The lad responded to this solicitude readily and heartily, though with, perhaps, some morbid anxiety as to his frames and feelings. In 1839, Sir Anthony Oliphant was appointed Chief Justice at Ceylon. The two years from 1839 to 1841 his son spent in England, the mother being with him for some portion of the time. For some months he resided in a private boarding-school, receiving there the only systematic education he ever obtained. Neither mother nor son could long endure separation from each other, and Laury therefore rejoined his parents in Ceylon. With two other boys he studied

* *Memoirs of the Life of Laurence Oliphant and of Alice Oliphant, his Wife.* By MARGARET OLIPHANT W. OLIPHANT. In two volumes. Wm. Blackwood & Sons. 1891.

NOTE.—We abridge from *The London Quarterly Review*, the highest literary organ of English Methodism, the accompanying remarkable account of a distinguished writer, whose life-record has been very intimately associated with Canada and with the Holy Land.—ED.

under a private tutor amidst continual interruptions caused by various social gaieties. Possibly a severer discipline would have rendered his subsequent course less erratic.

Originally it was intended that young Oliphant should enter at Cambridge University. He was sent to England for the necessary preparation, but in 1846, there came a sudden change of plan. Sir Anthony and Lady Oliphant projected a lengthy tour in Europe. The young man begged so earnestly to be allowed to accompany them, and argued so strongly in favour of the educational advantages "of European travel over ordinary scholastic training," that the father yielded at last, and to his huge delight, Laurence accompanied his parents. The journey furnished ample evidence of the adventurous spirit with which he was imbued. He joined the yelling Italian crowd which pulled down the arms of the Austrian legation, and burned them upon an enormous bonfire. He helped to storm the Propaganda, keeping himself ever in the front rank of the assailants. He had no notion of the rights and wrongs of the cause he championed. He cared only for the excitement and the spice of danger.

At nineteen years of age young Oliphant found himself again in Ceylon, fulfilling now the rather responsible position of secretary to his father, and at the same time practising as a barrister in the Supreme Court, where, naturally enough, a considerable share of business fell into his hands. After some two years' steady work, an opportunity was afforded him of visiting the Court of Nepaul as the friend of Jung Bahadoor, of which he eagerly availed himself. The expedition was full of fun and adventure, and is noteworthy as producing Laurence Oliphant's first book. Almost equally noteworthy is it for the artless, affectionate, unreserved letters which he wrote to his father and mother. Another result of the Indian tour was the conviction that he could never settle down to life in Ceylon—the sphere was far too contracted for him. He would read for the law in England.

His mother accompanied him to that country. He threw himself into his new life with characteristic brightness, restlessness, and impetuosity. Whilst the major part of the day was given, at least nominally, to the law, he managed to have much pleasant intercourse with friends, to see a good deal of society, to attend an indefinite number of concerts, lectures, etc., to put in a fair amount of miscellaneous reading—he specially notes John Foster —and actually to do a little half-humorous, half-earnest mission-work in the slums. For his impatient spirit the process of eating terms in an English Inn of Court seemed far too slow. He

therefore removed to Edinburgh to qualify for the Scotch bar, visiting London, however, regularly in order to take his barrister's degree in England, if he should think it expedient. It was only too evident that the business of a Scotch lawyer was as little to his taste as that of an English one. He wanted more active exertion, more change of scene, and "something to write about." He persuaded his friend, Mr. Oswald Smith, to join him in a trip to Russian Lapland for the ostensible purpose of hunting. This trip it was that determined the next stages in his eventful life.

The travellers found it impracticable to reach Lapland. Some time was spent in various parts of Russia, during which Oliphant began to form his opinions upon the Eastern question, concerning which he became an acknowledged authority. The important event of the journey was a visit to the Crimea and Sebastopol, which then were scarcely more than names to English people. The next year Oliphant published his "Russian Shores of the Black Sea," in which he described in some detail the almost unknown country. Great Britain stood then on the verge of the war with Russia. It is no wonder that the book achieved a rapid and immense sale. It is not surprising either that Lord Raglan summoned to his counsels the one Englishman who could furnish adequate information about the projected seat of war.

He began to study Turkish assiduously, and to read everything he could procure that would fit him to occupy the post of secretary to Lord Raglan which he coveted. But the offer did not come, and meanwhile perforce he contented himself with delivering highly popular lectures and writing leaders for the *Daily News* on the Eastern question. The *Times* would have gladly sent him to the Crimea as one of its correspondents. Whilst he hung on the tenter-hooks of expectation, an offer came from a totally unexpected quarter. Lord Elgin had undertaken a special diplomatic mission to the United States to negotiate a commercial treaty between that country and Canada. He placed at Laurence's disposal the post of secretary to the Embassy. His American experiences were amusing enough. He showed considerable diplomatic capacity, and that peculiar aptitude for turning social festivities into instruments of diplomacy to which his chief owed so much of his own success as a diplomatist. Throughout he is careful as to his conduct, and solicitous as to his spiritual state. In answer to a letter from his mother he writes:

"It is a merciful thing that I take very little pleasure in that gaiety in which I am obliged to mix, and by which formerly I should have been intoxicated. My difficulty is to realize divine things sufficiently to encourage me. The strongest incentive I have to follow my convictions upon

such subjects is the inward peace and comfort which doing so has always brought to me, and the opposite effect of indulging myself. I never saw more clearly the possibility of living in the world and not being of it."

The treaty signed and the festivities concluded, Lord Elgin and suite passed into Canada. Almost immediately Laurence obtained the office of Superintendent-General of Indian Affairs. His principal subordinates were all older and more experienced than himself. He threw into his new duties his accustomed energy and sagacity; travelled himself throughout the Indian territory; and, with astonishing celerity, negotiated a treaty with the Red men, equally advantageous to them and to the Whites. That Canada has been spared oft-recurring trouble with the Indians such as has burst out so frequently in the United States is owing, in no small measure, to the arrangements made by the youthful administrator.

Returning to Quebec, he resumed his position as secretary to the Governor-General, and held the office until the expiry of Lord Elgin's term of service. His home-letters demonstrate that the whirl of work and play did not prevent serious self-scrutiny and devout meditation. The picture is irresistibly attractive—of the grave secretary one moment sitting in state by the Speaker's chair in the Legislature, then rushing up to the ladies' gallery to induce some "pretty girl"—nothing loth—to throw down a caricature of some member so that it might reach the original; one hour busy with the fate of ministries and measures, or listening with all possible dignity to the apologies of bishops and statesmen for intruding upon his valuable time, and the next driving madly, trying how sharply he could turn a dangerous corner without upsetting his sleigh and himself; now taking a foremost part in receptions and entertainments, and now reading his daily portion of Bogatsky, and pondering upon and praying for the influences of the Holy Spirit—yet in all these diverse occupations and circumstances intensely in earnest, as honest and clear as the day.

The year 1855 saw Laurence in London. Sir Edmund Head had offered to retain him in his Canadian post, but the novelty had worn off, and colonial office scarcely satisfied his ambition. He went to Circassia with the Duke of Newcastle, had interviews and consultations with Omar Pasha, and contrived to see and share in as much fighting as was good for him. Idling in front of the lines one evening, Skender Pasha saw him, and, thinking him to be an officer, placed a detachment at his command, and ordered him to construct a battery. Oliphant immediately complied, though the selected position lay within two hundred yards

of the Russian guns. "In about three hours," he says, "I had run up no end of a battery." Next morning, Skender Pasha spoke to (Sir Lintorn) Simmons about the young officer, and was astonished to hear: "Ce n'est pas un officier, ce n'est qu'un simple gentleman qui voyage." After this, it is not surprising to be told that the "simple gentleman" might have obtained a commission had he chosen. His tastes, however, did not lead in the direction of military service. Besides, a serious illness, caught from exposure and camp-life, hurried him home.

His next escapade is almost unaccountable. Some financial business—the secret of which his biographer does not know—took him to New York. He appears to have scored a pecuniary success, and with money in his pocket, treated himself to a holiday in the Southern States. His keen political insight detected the discordant elements which ended in the rupture between the North and the South. He ventured to predict it, but was laughed at by both parties impartially. He enjoyed greatly the lavish hospitality of the planters, and the holiday seemed likely to terminate in the ordinary way. It had, however, a more sensational termination. Oliphant obtained letters of introduction to General Walker, the notorious "filibuster," and sailed to join him at Nicaragua in company with reinforcements for his army. Love of fun, adventure, novelty may have been his chief motive for joining in "what was distinctly a piratical undertaking"; but much of the impulse proceeded from one of those sudden fits of disappointment with and disgust at the civilized world which exercised so strong an influence over his entire life. The wild freak concluded far less mischievously than its hero deserved. At the mouth of the San Juan river, the piratical vessel was stopped by a British cruiser. Oliphant, as a British subject, was ordered to surrender himself to the British authorities. As luck would have it, the Admiral in command of the squadron turned out to be his cousin, who, instead of exacting penalties for breach of the neutrality laws, received him into his own ship as his personal guest.

In April, 1857, Laurence sailed for China as private secretary to his former chief and warm personal friend, Lord Elgin, British Ambassador to that country. One of the most interesting of his books describes this mission to China and Japan. Its deepest interest is connected with his religious history—this we will postpone for a while. He discharged his semi-diplomatic duties to the perfect satisfaction of his chief, made himself immensely popular with his associates, went on various small exploring expeditions on his own account, and watched the fighting, proud

of his own self-denial in that he did not insist upon taking part in it. On his return journey home, he received the news of his father's death. The sorrow thus caused was sharp and deep. Between Sir Anthony and his son there existed profound love and confidence, and a degree of companionship not too frequent in similar cases.

Once again Laurence Oliphant is out of employment. His father's death has drawn the bonds between mother and son closer than ever; but nothing can cure his impatient restlessness. He confidently expected some diplomatic appointment, but could not wait, even though he had abundant literary work to occupy his time. Italy was then in a state of partial revolution. There was some prospect of service under Garibaldi. The *plébiscite* as to the cession of Nice and Savoy to France was about to be taken. Incontinently Oliphant rushed off to Italy in the vain hope of obtaining a negative vote. He left no stone unturned to effect his purpose, going even to the length of smashing ballot-boxes. He retired disgusted with the *sheepishness* of the populace. But, as usual, he "fell on his feet," making the acquaintance of the leading Italian statesmen, dining with Cavour, and being *fêted* to his heart's content, sleeping in King Bomba's state-bed as calmly as "in a brigand's hut, or in the close little cabin of a felucca." About this time he seems to have travelled a great deal in Eastern Europe. He had a knack of turning up in all sorts of out-of-the-way places, especially where knowledge could be obtained of the obscurer phases of European politics.

The European tour was closed by Laurence's appointment as First Secretary of Legation in Japan. The one noteworthy incident of this, the only official appointment ever held by him directly under the English Government, was its termination. He had acted as *chargé d'affaires* barely a week when the Embassy was attacked in the dead of night, by robbers. The Englishmen defended themselves, but Laurence was severely wounded and compelled to return to England. On his way home he hunted out and warned off a Russian man-of-war which was engaged in illegal and secret survey.

His wound entitled him to a certain amount of sick-leave. He spent it roaming about Bosnia and Herzegovina and the neighbouring provinces of Russia. Nominally a private traveller, he was really employed by the British Government on secret service. At Vienna he met the Prince of Wales, then on his journey to the Holy Land.

Every one remembers Earl Russell's *bon-mot* on the Schleswig-Holstein question—that only two people ever understood it, himself and another man. That other man had explained it to him and had since died, and he had forgotten all about the explanation. Laurence Oliphant set himself resolutely to work to master the entanglement. He visited all the countries involved in the dispute, and came back prepared to enlighten the public about it. He wrote articles in the *Times* and elsewhere on the subject, and, seemingly, delivered some lectures upon it; but Japan was so much more attractive a topic to the audiences that he found it expedient generally to discourse upon it. He stood successfully for the Stirling burghs. He was the leading spirit in that audaciously humorous, mischief-loving, and sagacious periodical, *The Owl*. And he began to write those society satires, which are the most brilliant of all his works, commencing with *Piccadilly*. At this period he was (*facile princeps*) "the lion" of London society, and the highest offices of the State appeared easily within his reach. At any rate, a splendid parliamentary career was anticipated for him with the utmost confidence.

Laurence Oliphant never opened his mouth in Parliament. He burned with desire to speak—he knew that speech was expected from him—but his lips were sealed. Shortly after his election he resigned his seat, carrying from St. Stephen's a profound contempt for politics, an impartial disgust at all political parties, a great dread of Mr. Gladstone, and an intense dislike of Mr. Disraeli. But these sentiments had nothing whatever to do with his retirement from political life.

For several years Laurence Oliphant's religious convictions had been unsettled. It is not easy to state precisely when these disturbances began. Mrs. Oliphant fixes their real beginning during the mission to Japan, but some time previously his letters show mental and spiritual unquiet. He grew increasingly dissatisfied with the practical results of present-day Christianity, especially as seen in the "worldly-holy." He felt keenly intellectual difficulties as to receiving the Bible as Divine revelation unless he could determine the nature and extent of its inspiration—a task for which he knew himself to be wholly incompetent. He was possessed with the idea that the true spirit of Christ demanded from His followers a great—and, preferably, visible—renunciation. Above all, he desired an assurance, a certainty, which his own religious experiences did not bring to him.

Suddenly his course was shaped towards a novel and altogether unexpected point. The life, claims, powers, and even the doctrines of Mr. Thomas Lake Harris are shrouded in obscurity. He claimed—we believe that he claims still—to be commissioned

from above to organize a society which should be the medium of the spiritual and physical regeneration of the world. He demanded from his followers the most absolute, uncomplaining, unremonstrating obedience to his every word. They must surrender their entire property to the community of which he was head and master. That he succeeded in obtaining this complete submission and sacrifice from men of character and gifts proves him a man of remarkable strength. At one time apparently, his capability of personal influence could hardly be exaggerated. His associates declare that he is endowed with high poetical, oratorical, and literary genius, and that he certainly possesses those occult powers to which he lays claim. Laurence Oliphant's mature opinion will be seen as the story proceeds.

How Oliphant and Harris met is not known, but early in 1867 he had come under "the prophet's" control. He seems to have been attracted at first by the importance professedly attached to life over creed. But he soon accepted Harris's doctrines. He writes to Mrs. M. O. W. Oliphant of "the breath of Christ descending directly into the organisms of men"; of "those who give themselves up to Him wholly and without reservations of any kind," receiving even while on this earth "a Divine influx which will result in their own active regeneration, and enable them to act with great power on others." The lesson of implicit obedience soon began to be taught. It was by his master's order that the young M.P. maintained a steadfast silence in the House. After the briefest hesitation he took the final step. He renounced society, politics, literature, property, freedom, that he might enrol himself amongst the adherents over whom Harris presided. Harris's community was established at Brocton, near Chautauqua, in America, and thither Laurence hastened.

A rough and hard life Laurence led at Brocton. The community was engaged mainly in agriculture, and to the neophyte were assigned the duties, accommodation and fare of a day-labourer; and discipline was exercised of a yet more irksome kind. The members of the community were arranged in small "magnetic" sets, and were shuffled according to the arbitrary will of the master.

Harris insisted upon all his associates passing a probation of two years, which should include some special act or series of acts of self-sacrifice. Laurence shrank from no hardship and shirked no humiliation, even "cadging strawberries" up and down the railway line. After he had been at Brocton a year Lady Oliphant joined him, and she was put through as severe a probation as her son. The aged lady, accustomed all her life to the ease and refinements of her position, was set to the work of the lowest domestic

servant, did part of the washing for the household, and so on. Heavier trials awaited her. At the close of Laurence's probation, he was ordered to England to resume his former place in the world. He was not permitted to bid his mother "good-bye," or to write to her during his absence.

The very severity of "the prophet's" tyranny would seem to have been its strength. Earnest souls like those of this mother and son could not conceive that such burdens could be laid upon their shoulders, except by one who had genuine authority to inflict them. Anyhow, neither of the two murmured, much less rebelled. The discipline had by no means broken Laurence's spirits. Returned to England, he took his old place in society as a matter of course. Society has a curious knack of forgetting its favourites as soon as they are out of sight, but Oliphant was one of the rare exceptions to the rule. He was welcomed back with eagerness. In one respect his position differed from that he had occupied before his exile. His property had been transferred to Harris. He received from the Brocton community a meagre allowance, to be continued only so long as he had no other means of support. So the unusual spectacle presented itself of "a society man" associating on equal terms with the highest in the land, and living in mean lodgings, with scarcely any of the appliances supposed to be necessary to a man of his status.

His financial difficulties were of short duration. His pen speedily provided for all his needs. When the Franco-German war broke out he was despatched to the seat of the struggle as *Times* correspondent. When peace was signed, after a brief visit to America, he took up his residence in Paris, once more as *Times* correspondent.

During this sojourn in Paris he met Alice le Strange, his future wife. "It is difficult," says the biographer, "to those who did not know her to convey an idea of what Alice le Strange was." In form and feature, in culture and intellect, in grace and gentleness —in every feminine quality, she seems to have been almost an ideal woman. A very short acquaintance sufficed to render Laurence and this lady devoted to each other. The union was opposed on all sides, by Miss le Strange's friends, and yet more vehemently by Harris. But Laurence's energy and Miss le Strange's quiet persistency triumphed over all obstacles; the master of Brocton being compelled to yield a reluctant consent. Accordingly, the marriage was celebrated in June, 1872. The husband had taken every precaution that the wife should understand his relations with "father," as the Brocton autocrat was commonly called in his own community; and that she must obey him as implicitly as her husband had done, and must make over

all her property to him. She cheerfully consented, and indeed felt that she was graciously permitted to join in a high and holy mission. For a short time the newly-wedded pair were allowed to reside together in Paris, and then were summoned peremptorily to America.

With their arrival at Brocton begins the saddest and strangest chapter in the story. Alice Oliphant was subjected to similar discipline to that which her mother-in-law had suffered. She performed the ordinary work of a general servant. Music, painting, literary culture were prohibited. No effort was spared to strip her of her refinement, to coarsen her very nature. Worse remains—husband and wife were separated! At first this was accomplished cunningly. Laurence was despatched on frequent and protracted missions. Communication by letter was discouraged and disallowed. But in time that which commenced in craft concluded in commandment, and Mrs. Laurence was sent from Brocton, near Chautauqua, to California. Most of the time her husband was employed, at New York and elsewhere, in various financial undertakings, in which he proved himself a match for the cleverest and most unscrupulous financiers by dint of sheer straight-forwardness, which they mistook for the deepest guile. At the same time, his pen was not idle. Whilst he was financing he wrote several of his sharpest "society" satires, especially upon American society. A scheme for a railway in Palestine brought him a journey to the Holy Land. Turkish supineness rendered the project a failure, but he enjoyed the travel, and did some good work in the survey of the country and in the identification of Biblical sites.

At length "the prophet" permitted husband and wife each other's companionship. A little while they spent in England, where they were received with open arms. They were invited to Sandringham, and the former fashionable life seemed about to begin again. But weak health compelled a tour in Egypt. Hugely did they delight in each other's presence, even though they were hampered and hurt by irrational restrictions placed upon their intercourse by the autocrat. Scarcely had they returned to England when another separation became necessary. Lady Oliphant lay dangerously ill, and her son hastened to her side.

He found her in almost the last stage of cancer. He had not believed this possible, as he thought that her physical strength was sustained continually by supernatural influx. A yet greater shock smote him. Lady Oliphant's disenchantment had occurred. She had lost faith in the prophet. Partly in the hope that an interview with the guide might set things right, partly to try the virtues of certain medicinal springs, mother and son journeyed

to Santa Rosa, Harris's Californian establishment. The biography says: "They remained only a few nights after their long journey, and were dismissed with the scantiest pretence of hospitality." The two travelled to Cloverdale, where Lady Oliphant died, strange manifestations of "a storm or battle going on over the bed" presenting themselves.

His mother's death caused the scales to fall from Laurence's eyes. How much she had told him, how much he had himself observed, what doubts had previously arisen in his mind, we cannot tell. His mental agitation was excessive. Obviously he forced himself to perform an unpleasant duty. He took prompt action, however. He hastened to Brocton, and took legal steps to regain the land and money he had put under Harris's control. In this he was at least partially successful. His wife, who had been allowed to live for a while away from Santa Rosa, still maintained her allegiance to "the master." In his desperation, Harris telegraphed to her for authority to confine her husband in a lunatic asylum. Then she, too, became disillusionised.

The subsequent history of Laurence and Alice Oliphant may be summarised rapidly. The greater part of the remainder of Laurence's life was spent in endeavours to help the persecuted Russian Jews, and in procuring for them settlements in Palestine. In 1882 he purchased an estate at Haifa, on the Bay of Acre. Here, as joint heads of a community on the model of Brocton, though with tolerably frequent absences, they resided until January 2nd, 1886, when Alice Oliphant died, somewhat suddenly, of fever. Nothing can be more pathetic than the account of her funeral, the grief of Druses, Jews, Mohammedans, and Europeans, the respect to this day paid to her tomb. Altogether apart from her doctrines, everybody loved and esteemed her.

A remarkable letter from Mrs. Templeton (the second Mrs L. Oliphant) whilst assuming that both Harris and the Oliphants were "dealing with the mighty, mysterious, and sometimes dangerously powerful laws of the more hidden forces," attributes Harris's power to his "magnetic eloquence," "his strong magnetic personality," and declares that Laurence continued to obey him long after he had lost faith in him, in order that his will might be broken thoroughly, and his personal desires subdued. She speaks also, in a passage we shall quote directly, of the blessed results of Laurence's creed.

Two books written by Laurence and Alice Oliphant in conjunction have been published, *Sympneumata* and *Scientific Religion*, the former whilst both authors were living, the latter after the lady's death. In both cases the inspiration came from the woman,

the form and the record from the man. We tell the tale as it is told to us. *Sympneumata* could not be written save in Mrs. Oliphant's presence, often only in physical contact with her, Mr. Oliphant feeling himself hardly more than a passive channel of communication. *Scientific Religion* was composed, *mutatis mutandis,* under similar conditions, except that one part, *The House Book,* was taken down at her literal dictation.

As to both books, a very few remarks will suffice: 1. There is nothing in either of them which cannot be found in the most ordinary publications of theosophists. 2. Their literary style is ridiculously below the level of Laurence Oliphant's other writings. 3. Even in the specially inspired portions there is not a syllable which the most commonplace mortal might not have written. 4. *Scientific Religion* is as dull as any theological treatise written by a college professor. *Sympneumata* would share the same judgment, except for its novel technicalities, and its esoteric suggestions of meanings very different from the apparent significance. 5. *The House Book* has much practical wisdom, but might as well have been dictated by a living Mrs. Beeton as by a departed spirit.

Mrs. Oliphant's last chapter is headed "The Postscript of Life." The title is well chosen. It suffices to say that Laurence easily resumed his place in society, was the guest of both the Queen and the Prince of Wales, and other distinguished persons, during his absence from Haifa. In 1888, at Alice's advice, he married a daughter of Robert Dale Owen. Almost immediately afterwards he was attacked with the disease which terminated his life. Of his end his second wife writes as follows:

"No one watching my husband through the long months of his weary illness could pronounce the end of that noble life a failure. One may sustain oneself with vain imaginings while one is well and happy, but a mysticism which supports a man in calm and triumphant faith through four and a half months of one of the most painful diseases known—such a mysticism can scarcely be put down as a vagary to be deplored, even though it may have been reached through many tentative theories which had to be discarded. When his disease (cancer of the lungs) had so far gained upon him that he could only speak in a whisper, he murmured again and again, his uplifted face shining with peaceful joy, 'The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth'; and no burst of mighty music ever conveyed a sense of more triumphant victory than did these scarcely audible words. Many men and women can fill dramatic situations heroically, many others can lead long lives of plodding, enduring patience, but very few may be found who can curb such an enthusiastic spirit as Laurence Oliphant possessed, forcing it finally to reach a lofty ideal through long years of perplexed disappointment and most wearisome endeavour."

His biographer tells how the night before his death he told "his faithful nurse" that he was "unspeakably happy," and explained "'Christ has touched me. He has held me in His arms. I am changed. He has changed me. Never again can I be the same, for His power has cleansed me. I am a new man.' Then he looked at me yearningly," she adds, "and said, 'Do you understand?'" His last hours were spent in singing softly, "Safe in the arms of Jesus." It is possible to understand his words concerning Christ in a theosophistic sense; but he could scarcely have put the question, "Do you understand?" unless the meaning had been different from that which customarily he used. And no one acquainted with the phraseology of present-day theosophy can doubt that the adoption of the hymn pointed to a purer and simpler faith than theosophy can furnish or allow. Surely that life was not "wasted" which, with all its errors and eccentricities, showed so perfect an example of self sacrifice, and ended in child-like trust, and conscious and blessful safety in the Saviour's arms.

[The following more recent information concerning Harris is of date December 15th, 1891.—Ed.]

"Miss A. L. Sierre Chevallier, the Boston woman suffragist and reformer, has just returned to San Francisco after six months spent in Thomas Lake Harris's community. Her story is stronger and stranger than the tale told of Harris by Margaret Oliphant in her memoir of Laurence Oliphant. It was this same Harris who made the lives of Lady Oliphant and her son Laurence so miserable by taking away all their property and setting them out to menial tasks that they might obtain high spirituality. Miss Chevallier found among others in the community, Mrs. Parting, the wealthy widow of an East Indian coffee planter, who had brought her two daughters and her young sister to the place to live under the spiritual care of the primate, and had been fleeced out of a large fortune which she had given to him.

"One of the girls, an accomplished artist, is washing clothes for Harris, another is maid to his mistress, and another sets type for him. Prince Nagavaza, a Japanese, and one of his countrymen named Art are members of the community. The 'primate' who claims he will never die, is an old man of marvellous hypnotic power, which he has exerted for years over his subjects. He eats oysters and drinks champagne, while they eat bacon and bread. He dresses in long silk robes and wears white chamois gloves, while his dupes wear coarse clothing, till the soil and clean out his stables.

"She found all the members under the prophet's influence and that she herself was not a free agent, as Harris hypnotized her whenever she came into his presence. When she announced that she was going away, he tried every device to keep her. Though he treated Mrs. Oliphant's book lightly, its exposures alarmed him greatly. Miss Chevallier declares that she has a mass of evidence against Harris, which she proposes to present to President Harrison and ask him to break up this society, as was done with the Oneida Community."

# RECREATIONS IN ASTRONOMY.*

BY BISHOP WARREN, D.D.

## *THE PLANETS AS INDIVIDUALS.*

## II.

### MARS.†

At intervals, on an average of two years one month and nineteen days, we find rising, as the sun goes down, the reddest star in the heavens. Its brightness is exceedingly variable; sometimes it scintillates, and sometimes it shines with a steady light. Its marked peculiarities demand a close study. We find it to be Mars, the fiery god of war. Take a favourable time when the planet is near, also as near overhead as it ever comes, so as to have as little atmosphere as possible to penetrate, and study the planet. The first thing that strikes the observer is a dazzling spot of white near the pole which happens to be toward him, or at both poles when the planet is so situated that they can be seen. When the north pole is turned toward the sun the size of the spot sensibly diminishes, and the spot at the south pole enlarges, and *vice versa*. Clearly they are ice-fields. Hence Mars has water, and air to carry it, and heat to melt ice. Very likely an inhabitant of earth might be transported to the surface of Mars and be no more surprised at what he observed there than if he went to some point of the earth to him unknown. Day and night would be nearly of the same length; winter would "linger longer in the lap of spring"; summer would be one hundred and eighty-one days long; but as the seas are more intermingled with the land, and the divisions of land have less of continental magnitude, it may be conjectured that Mars might be a comfortable place of residence to beings like men. Perhaps the greatest surprise to the earthly visitor would be to find himself weighing only four-tenths as much as usual, able to leap twice as high, and lift considerable boulders.

The night of August 11th, 1877, is famous in modern astronomy. Mars has been a special object of study in all ages; but on that evening, Professor Hall, of Washington, discovered a satellite of Mars. On the 16th it was seen again and its orbital motion followed. On the following night it was hidden behind the body of the planet when the observation began, but at the calculated

* Reprinted, by Bishop Warren's permission, from copyright volume. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York.

† Mean distance from the sun, 141,000,000 miles. Diameter, 4,211 miles. Revolution, axial, 24h. 37m. 22.7s.; orbital, 686.98 days. Velocity per minute, 899 miles. Satellites, two.

time—at four o'clock in the morning—it emerged, and established its character as a true moon, and not a fixed star or asteroid. Blessings, however, never come singly, for another object soon emerged which proved to be an inner satellite. This is extraordinarily near the planet—only four thousand miles from the surface—and its revolution is exceedingly rapid. The inner satellite of Mars makes its revolution in 7h. 39m.—a rapidity so much surpassing the axial revolution of the planet itself, that it rises in the west and sets in the east, showing all phases of our moon in one night. The outer satellite is 12,572 miles from Mars, and makes its revolution in 30h. 18m. Its diameter is six and a quarter miles; that of the inner one is seven and a half miles. This can be estimated only by the amount of light given.

### ASTEROIDS.*

The sense of infinite variety among the countless number of celestial orbs has been growing rapidly upon us for half a century, and doubtless will grow much more in half a century to come. Just as we paused in the consideration of planets to consider meteors and comets, at first thought so different, so must we now pause to consider a ring of bodies, some of which are as small in comparison to Jupiter, the next planet, as aerolites are, compared to the earth.

In 1800 an association of astronomers, suspecting that a planet might be found in the great distance between Mars and Jupiter, divided the zodiac into twenty-four parts, and assigned one part to each astronomer for a thorough search; but, before their organization could commence work, Piazzi, an Italian astronomer of Palermo, found in Taurus a star behaving like a planet. In six weeks it was lost in the rays of the sun. It was rediscovered on its emergence, and named Ceres. In March, 1802, a second planet was discovered by Olbers in the same gap between Mars and Jupiter, and named Pallas. Here was an embarrassment of richness. Olbers suggested that an original planet had exploded, and that more pieces could be found. More were found, but the theory is exploded into more pieces than a planet could possibly be. Up to 1879 one hundred and ninety-two have been discovered, with a prospect of more. Between 1871 75 forty-five were discovered, showing that they are sought for with great skill.

Since the orbits of Mars and Jupiter show no sign of being affected by these bodies for a century past, it is probable that their number is limited, or at least that their combined mass does not approximate the size of a planet. Professor Newcomb estimates that if all that are now discovered were put into one planet, it would not be over four hundred miles in diameter; and if a thousand more should exist, of the average size of those dis-

*Already discovered (1891), 318. Distances from the sun, from 200,000,000 to 315,000,000 miles. Diameters, from 20 to 400 miles. Mass of all, less than one-quarter of the earth.

covered since 1850, their addition would not increase the diameter to more than five hundred miles.

That all these bodies, which differ from each other in no respect except in brilliancy, can be noted and fixed so as not to be mistaken one for another, and instantly recognized though not seen for a dozen years, is one of the highest exemplifications of the accuracy of astronomical observation.

### JUPITER.*

Jupiter rightly wears the name of the "giant planet." His orbit is more nearly circular than most smaller planets. We know little of his surface. His spots and belts are changeable as clouds, which they probably are. Some spots may be slightly self-luminous, but not the part of the planet we see. It is covered with an enormous depth of atmosphere. Since the markings in the belts move about one hundred miles a day, the Jovian tempests are probably not violent. It is, however, a singular and unaccountable fact, as remarked by Arago, that its trade-winds move in an opposite direction from ours. Jupiter receives only one-twenty-seventh as much light and heat from the sun as the earth receives. Its lighter density, being about that of water, indicates that it still has internal heat of its own. Indeed, it is likely that this planet has not yet cooled so as to have any solid crust, and if its dense vapours could be deposited on the surface, its appearance might be more suggestive of the sun than of the earth.

In one respect Jupiter seems like a minor sun—he is royally attended by a group of planets: we call them moons. This system is a favourite object of study to every one possessing a telescope. Indeed, I have known a man who could see these moons with the naked eye, and give their various positions without mistake. Galileo first revealed them to ordinary men. We see their orbits so nearly on the edge that the moons seem to be sliding back and forth across and behind the disc, and to varying distances on either side.

If the Jovian system were the only one in existence, it would be a surprising object of wonder and study. A monster planet, 85,000 miles in diameter, hung on nothing, revolving its equatorial surface over 450 miles a minute, holding four other worlds in steady orbits, some of them at a speed of 700 miles a minute, and the whole system carried through space at 500 miles a minute. Yet the discovery of all this display of power, skill and stability is only reading the easiest syllables of the vast literature of wisdom and power.

*Distance from the sun, perihelion, 457,000,000 miles; aphelion, 503,000,000 miles. Diameter, equatorial, 87,500 miles; polar, 82,500 miles. Volume, 1,400 earths. Mass, 213 earths. Axial revolution, 9h. 55m. 20s. Orbital revolution, 11 years 317 days. Velocity, 483.6 miles per minute.

## SATURN.*

The human mind has used Saturn and the two known planets beyond for the last 200 years as a gymnasium. It has exercised itself in comprehending their enormous distances in order to clear those greater spaces to where the stars are set; it has exercised its ingenuity at interpreting appearances which signify something other than they seem, in order that it may no longer be deluded by any sunrises into a belief that the heavenly dome goes round the earth. That a wandering point of light should develop into such amazing grandeurs under the telescope, is as unexpected as that every tiny seed should show peculiar markings and colours under the microscope.

The density of Saturn is less than that of water, and its velocity of rotation so great that centrifugal force antagonizes gravitation to such an extent that bodies weigh on it about the same as on the earth. All the fine fancies of the habitability of this vaporous world, all the calculations of the number of people that could live on the square miles of the planet and its enormous rings, are only fancy. Nothing could live there with more brains than a fish, at most. It is a world in formative processes. We cannot hear the voice of the Creator there, but we can see matter responsive to the voice, and moulded by His word.

The eye and mind of man have worked out a problem of marvellous difficulty in finding a true solution of the strange appearance of the rings. Galileo has the immortal honour of first having seen something peculiar about this planet. He wrote to the Duke of Tuscany, "When I view Saturn it seems *tricorps*. The central body seems the largest. The two others, situated, the one on the east, and the other on the west, seem to touch it. They are like two supporters, who help old Saturn on his way, and always remain at his side." Looking a few years later, the rings having turned from view, he said: "It is possible that some demon mocked me;" and he refused to look any more.

Huyghens, in March, 1655, solved the problem of the triform appearance of Saturn. He saw them as handles on the two sides. In a year they had disappeared, and the planet was as round as it seemed to Galileo in 1612. He did not, however, despair; and in October, 1656, he was rewarded by seeing them appear again. He wrote of Saturn, "It is girdled by a thin plain ring, nowhere touching, inclined to the ecliptic."

The markings of the planet are delicate, difficult of detection, and are not like those stark zebra stripes that are so often represented.

The distance between the planet and the second ring seems to be diminished one-half since 1657, and this ring has doubled its breadth in the same time. Some of this difference may be owing to our greater telescopic power, enabling us to see the ring closer

*Mean distance from the sun, 881,000,000 miles. Diameter, polar, 66,500 miles; equatorial, 73,300 miles. Axial revolution, 10h. 14m. Periodic time, 29½ years. Moons, eight.

to the planet; but in all probability the ring is closing in upon the central body, and will touch it by A.D. 2150. Thus the whole ring must ultimately fall upon the planet, instead of making a satellite.

We are anxious to learn the nature of such a ring. Laplace mathematically demonstrated that it cannot be uniform and solid, and survive. Professor Peirce showed it could not be fluid, and continue. Then Professor Maxwell showed that it must be formed of clouds of satellites too small to be seen individually, and too near together for the spaces to be discerned, unless, perhaps, we may except the inner dark ring, where they are not near enough to make it positively luminous. Indeed, there is some evidence that the meteoroids are far enough apart to make the ring partially transparent.

The first discovered satellite of Saturn seen by Huyghens was in 1655, and the last by the Bonds, father and son, of Cambridge, in 1848. These are eight in number.

If the scenery of Jupiter is magnificent, that of Saturn must be sublime. If one could exist there, he might wander from the illuminated side of the rings, under their magnificent arches, to the darkened side, see the swift whirling moons; one of them presenting ten times the disc of the earth's moon, and so very near as to enable him to watch the advancing line of light that marks the lunar morning journeying round that orb.

### URANUS.*

Uranus was presented to the knowledge of man as an unexpected reward for honest work. It was first mistaken by its discoverer for a comet, a mere cloud of vapour; but it proved to be a world, and extended the boundaries of our solar system, in the moment of its discovery, as much as all investigation had done in all previous ages.

Sir William Herschel was engaged in mapping stars in 1781, when he first observed its sea-green disc. He proposed to call it *Georgium Sidus*, in honour of his king; but there were too many names of the gods in the sky to allow a mortal name to be placed among them. It was therefore called Uranus, since, being the most distant body of our system, as was supposed, it might appropriately bear the name of the oldest god.

This planet had been seen five times by Flamsteed before its character was determined—once nearly a century before—and times by Le Monnier. Herschel thought he discovered six moons belonging to Uranus, but subsequent investigation has limited the number to four. Two of these are seen with great difficulty by the most powerful telescopes.

*Distance from the sun, 1,771,000,000 miles. Diameter, 31,700 miles. Axial revolution, unknown. Orbital, 84 years. Velocity per minute, 252 miles. Moons, four.

NEPTUNE.*

Men sought for Neptune as the heroes sought the golden fleece. The place of Uranus had been mapped for nearly one hundred years by these accidental observations. On applying the law of universal gravitation, a slight discrepancy was found between its computed place and its observed place. Mr. John C. Adams, of Cambridge, England, finding that the attraction of a planet exterior to Uranus would account for its irregularities, computed the place of such a hypothetical body with singular exactness in October, 1841; but neither he nor the royal astronomer Airy looked for it. Meanwhile, M. Leverrier, of Paris, was working at the same problem. In the summer of 1846 Leverrier announced the place of the exterior planet. The conclusion was in striking coincidence with that of Mr. Adams. Dr. Galle, of Berlin, on the 23rd of September, 1846, found an object with a planetary disc not plotted on the map of stars. It was the sought-for world. It would seem easy to find a world seventy-six times as large as the earth, and easy to recognize it when seen. The fact that it could be discovered only by such care conveys an overwhelming idea of the distance where it moves.

The two thoughts that overwhelm us are distance and power. The period of man's whole history is not sufficient for an express train to traverse half the distance to Neptune. Thought wearies and fails in seeking to grasp such distances; it can scarcely comprehend one million miles, and here are thousands of them. Even the wings of imagination grow weary and droop. When we stand on that outermost of planets, the very last sentinel of the outposts of the king, the very sun grown dim and small in the distance, we have taken only one step of the infinite distance to the stars. They have not changed their relative position—they have not grown brighter by our approach. Neptune carries us round a vast circle about the centre of the dome of stars, but we seem no nearer its sides. In visiting planets, we have been only visiting next-door neighbours in the streets of a seaport town. We know that there are similar neighbours about Sirius and Arcturus, but a vast sea rolls between. As we said, we stand with the outermost sentinel; but into the great void beyond the king of day sends his comets as scouts, and they fly thousands of years without for one instant missing the steady grasp of the power of the sun. It is nearer almightiness than we are able to think.

If we cannot solve the problems of the present existence of worlds, how little can we expect to fathom the unsoundable depths of their creation and development through ages measureless to man! Yet the very difficulty provokes the most ambitious thought. Every earnest thinker who climbs the shining worlds as steps to a higher thought is trying to solve the problem God has given us to do.

*Distance from the sun, 2,775,000,000 miles. Diameter, 34,500 miles. Velocity per minute, 201.6 miles. Axial revolution, unknown. Orbital, 164.78 years. One moon.

# CRAWFORD'S SAIR STRAIT.—A CONFLICT WITH CONSCIENCE.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

## CHAPTER I.

Alexander Crawford sat reading a book which he studied frequently with a profound interest. Not the Bible: that volume had indeed its place of honour in the room, but the book Crawford read was a smaller one; it was stoutly bound and secured by a brass lock, and it was all in manuscript. It was his private ledger, and it contained his bank account. Its contents seemed to give him much solid satisfaction; and when at last he locked the volume and replaced it in his secretary, it was with that careful respect which he considered due to the representative of so many thousand pounds.

He was in a placid mood, and strangely inclined to retrospection. Thoughtfully fingering the key which locked up the record of his wealth, he walked to the window and looked out. It was a dreary prospect of brown moor and gray sea, but Crawford loved it. The bare land and the barren mountains was the country of the Crawfords. He had a fixed idea that it always had been theirs, and whenever he told himself—as he did this night—that so many acres of old Scotland were actually his own, he was aggressively a Scotchman.

"It is a bonnie bit o' land," he murmured, "and I hae done as my father Laird Archibald told me. If we should meet in another warld I'll be able to gie a good account o' Crawford and Traquare. It is thirty years to-night since he gave me the ring off his finger, and said: 'Alexander, I am going the way o' all flesh; be a good man, and *grip tight*.' I hae done as he bid me; there is £80,000 in the Bank o' Scotland, and every mortgage lifted. I am vera weel pleased wi' mysel' to-night. I hae been a good holder o' Crawford and Traquare."

His self-complacent reflections were cut short by the entrance of his daughter. She stood beside him, and laid her hand upon his arm with a caressing gesture. No other living creature durst have taken that liberty with him; but to Crawford his daughter Helen was a being apart from common humanity. She was small, but very lovely, with something almost Puritanical in her dainty, precise dress and carefully snooded golden hair.

"Father!"

"Helen, my bird."

"Colin is coming home. I have just had a letter from him. He has taken high honours in Glasgow. We'll both be proud of Colin, father."

"What has he done?"

"He has written a prize poem in Latin and Greek, and he is second in mathematics."

"Latin and Greek! Poor ghostlike languages that hae put off flesh and blood lang syne. Poetry! Warse than nonsense! David and Solomon hae gien us such sacred poetry as is good and necessary; and for sinfu' love verses and such vanities, if Scotland must hae them, Robert Burns is mair than enough. As to mathematics, there's naething against them. A study that is founded on figures is to be depended upon; it has nae flights and fancies. You ken what you are doing wi' figures. When is this clever fellow to be here?"

"He is coming by the afternoon packet to-morrow. We must send the carriage to meet it, for Colin is bringing a stranger with him. I came to ask you if I must have the best guest-room made ready."

"Wha for?"

"He is an English gentleman, from London, father."

"And you would put an Englishman in the room where the twa last Stuarts slept? I'll not hear tell o' it. I'm not the man to lift a quarrel my fathers dropped, but I'll hae no English body in Prince Charlie's room. Mind that, noo! What is the man's name?"

"Mr. George Selwyn."

"George Selwyn! There's nae Scotch Selwyns that I ken o'. He'll be Saxon altogether. Put him in the east room."

Crawford was not pleased at his son bringing any visitor. In the first place, he had important plans to discuss and carry out, and he was impatient of further delay. In the second, he was intensely jealous of Helen. Every young man was a probable suitor, and he had quite decided that Farquharson of Blair was the proper husband for her. Crawford and Blair had stood shoulder to shoulder in every national quarrel, and a marriage would put the two estates almost in a ring fence.

But he went the next day to meet the young men. He had not seen his son for three years, and the lad was an object very near and dear to his heart. He loved him tenderly as his son, he respected him highly as the future heir of Crawford and Traquare. The Crawfords were a very handsome race; he was anxious that this, their thirteenth representative, should be worthy, even physically, of his ancestors. He drew a long sigh of gratification as young Colin, with open hands, came up to him. The future laird was a noble-looking fellow, a dark, swarthy Highlandman, with glowing eyes, and a frame which promised in a few years to fill up splendidly.

His companion was singularly unlike him. Old Crawford had judged rightly. He was a pure Saxon, and showed it in his clear, fresh complexion, pale brown hair, and clear, wide-open blue eyes. But there was something about this young man which struck a deeper and wider sympathy than race—he had a heart beating for all humanity. Crawford looked at him physically only, and he decided at once: "There is no fear of Helen." He told himself that young Farquharson was six inches taller and every way a far "prettier man." Helen was not of this opinion. No hero is so

fascinating to a woman as the man mentally and spiritually above her, and whom she must love from a distance; and if Crawford could have known how dangerous were those walks over the springy heather and through the still pine woods, Mr. Selwyn would have taken them far more frequently alone than he did.

But Crawford had other things to employ his attention at that time, and indeed the young English clergyman was far beyond his mental and spiritual horizon; he could not judge him fairly. So these young people walked and rode and sailed together, and Selwyn talked like an apostle of the wrongs that were to be righted and the poor perishing souls that were to be redeemed. The spiritual warfare in which he was enlisted had taken possession of him, and he spoke with the martial enthusiasm of a young soldier buckling on his armour.

Helen and Colin listened in glowing silence, Helen showing her sympathy by her flushing cheeks and wet eyes, and Colin by the impatient way in which he struck down with his stick the thistles by the path side, as if they were the demons of sin and ignorance and dirt Selwyn was warring against. But after three weeks of this intercourse Crawford became sensible of some change in the atmosphere of his home. When Selwyn first arrived, and Crawford learned that he was a clergyman in orders, he had, out of respect to the office, delegated to him the conduct of family worship. Gradually Selwyn had begun to illustrate the gospel text with short, earnest remarks, which were a revelation of Bible truth to the thoughtful men and women who heard them.

The laird's "exercises" had often been slipped away from, excuses had been frequent, absentees usual; but they came to listen to Selwyn with an eagerness which irritated him. In our day, the gospel of Christ has brought forth its last beautiful blossom —the gospel of humanity. Free schools, free Bibles, tract and city missions, hospitals and clothing societies, loving helps of all kinds are a part of every church organization. But in the time of which I am writing they were unknown in country parishes, they struggled even in great cities for a feeble life.

The laird and his servants heard some startling truths, and the laird began to rebel against them. A religion of intellectual faith, and which had certain well recognized claims on his pocket, he was willing to support, and to defend, if need were; but he considered one which made him on every hand his brother's keeper a dangerously democratic theology.

"I'll hae no socialism in my religion, any more than I'll hae it in my politics, Colin," he said angrily. "And if yon Mr. Selwyn belongs to what they call the Church o' England, I'm mair set up than ever wi' the Kirk o' Scotland! God bless her!"

They were sitting in the room sacred to business and to the memory of the late laird Archibald. Colin was accustomed to receive his father's opinions in silence, and he made no answer to this remark. This time, however, the laird was not satisfied with the presumed assent of silence; he asked sharply: "What say ye to that, son Colin?"

"I say God bless the Kirk of Scotland, father, and I say it the more heartily because I would like to have a place among those who serve her."

"What are ye saying now?"

"That I should like to be a minister. I suppose you have no objections."

"I hae vera great objections. I'll no hear tell o' such a thing. Ministers canna mak money, and they canna save it. If you should mak it, that would be an offence to your congregation; if ye should save it, they would say ye ought to hae gien it to the poor. There will be nae Dominie Crawford o' my kin, Colin. Will naething but looking down on the warld from a pulpit sarve you?"

"I like art, father. I can paint a little, and I love music."

"Art! Painting! Music! Is the lad gane daft? God has gien to some men wisdom and understanding, to ithers the art o' playing on the fiddle and painting pictures. There shall be no painting, fiddling Crawford among my kin, Colin."

The young fellow bit his lip, and his eyes flashed dangerously beneath their dropped lids. But he said calmly enough:

"What is your own idea, father? I am twenty-two, I ought to be doing a man's work of some kind."

"Just sae. That is warld-like talk. Now I'll speak wi' you anent a grand plan I hae had for a long time." With these words he rose, and took from his secretary a piece of parchment containing the plan of the estate. "Sit down, son Colin, and I'll show you your inheritance." Then he went carefully over every acre of moor and wood, of moss and water, growing enthusiastic as he pointed out how many sheep could be grazed on the hills, what shooting and fishing privileges were worth, etc. "And the best is to come, my lad. There is coal on the estate, and I am going to open it up, for I hae the ready siller to do it."

Colin sat silent; his cold, dissenting air irritated the excited laird very much.

"What hae ye got to say to a' this, Colin?" he asked proudly, "for you'll hae the management o' everything with me. Why, my dear son, if a' goes weel—and it's sure to—we'll be rich enough in a few years to put in our claim for the old Earldom o' Crawford, and you may tak your seat in the House o' Peers yet. The old chevalier promised us a dukedom," he said sadly, "but I'm feared that will be aboon our thumb——"

"Father, what are you going to do with the clansmen? Do you think Highlandmen who have lived on the mountains are going to dig coal? Do you imagine that these men, who, until a generation or two ago, never handled anything but a claymore, and who even now scorn to do aught but stalk deer or spear salmon, will take a shovel and a pickaxe and labour as coal-miners? There is not a Crawford among them who would do it. I would despise him if he did."

"There is a glimmer o' good sense in what you say, Colin. I

dinna intend any Crawford to work in my coal-mine. Little use they would be there. I'll send to Glasgow for some Irish bodies."

"And then you will have more fighting than working on the place; and you'll have to build a Roman Catholic chapel, and have a Roman priest in Crawford, and you ken whether the Crawfords will thole *that* or not."

"As to the fighting, I'll gie them no chance. I'm going to send the Crawfords to Canada. I hae thought it all out. The sheilings will do for the others; the land I want for sheep grazing. They are doing naething for themsel's, and they are just a burden to me. It will be better for them to gang to Canada. I'll pay their passage, and I'll gie them a few pounds each to start them. You must stand by me in this matter, for they'll hae to go sooner or later."

"That is a thing I cannot do, father. There is not a Laird of Crawford that was not nursed on some clanswoman's breast. We are all kin. Do you think I would like to see Rory and Jean Crawford packed off to Canada? And there is young Hector, my foster-brother! And old Ailsa, your own foster-sister! Every Crawford has a right to a bite and a sup from the Crawford land."

"That is a' bygane nonsense. Your great-grandfather, if he wanted cattle or meal, could just take the clan and go and harry some Southern body out o' them. That is beyond our power, and it's an unca' charge to hae every Crawford looking to you when hunting and fishing fails. They'll do fine in Canada. There is grand hunting, and if they want fighting, doubtless there will be Indians. They will hae to go, and you will hae to stand by me in this matter."

"It is against my conscience, sir. I had also plans about these poor, half-civilized, loving kinsmen of ours. You should hear Selwyn talk of what we might do with them. There is land enough to give all who want it a few acres, and the rest could be set up with boats and nets as fishers. They would like that."

"Nae doubt. But I don't like it, and I wont hae it. Mr. Selwyn may hae a big parish in London, but the Crawfords are no in his congregation. I am king and bishop within my ain estate, Colin." Then he rose in a decided passion and locked up again the precious parchment, and Colin understood that, for the present, the subject was dismissed.

## CHAPTER II.

At the very time this conversation was in progress, one strangely dissimilar was being carried on between George Selwyn and Helen Crawford. They were sitting in the sweet, old-fashioned garden, and Selwyn had been talking of the work so dear to his heart, but a silence had fallen between them. Then softly and almost hesitatingly Helen said: "Mr. Selwyn, I cannot help in this grand evangel, except with money and prayers. May I offer you £300? It is entirely my own, and it lies useless in my desk. Will you take it?"

"I have no power to refuse it. 'You give it to God, durst I say no?' But as I do not return at once, you had better send it in a cheque to our treasurer." Then he gave her the necessary business directions, and was writing the address of the treasurer when the laird stopped in front of them.

"Helen, you are needed in the house," he said abruptly; and then turning to Selwyn, he asked him to take a walk up the hill. The young man complied. He was quite unconscious of the anger in the tone of the request. For a few yards neither spoke; then the laird, with an irritable glance at his placid companion, said: "Mr. Selwyn, fore-speaking saves after-speaking. Helen Crawford is bespoke for young Farquharson of Blair, and if you have any hopes o' wiving in my house——"

"Crawford, thank you for your warning, but I have no thoughts of marrying anyone. Helen Crawford is a pearl among women; but even if I wanted a wife, she is unfit for my helpmate. When I took my curacy in the East End of London I counted the cost. Not for the fairest of the daughters of men would I desert my first love—the Christ-work to which I have solemnly dedicated my life."

His voice fell almost to a whisper, but the outward, upward glance of the inspired eyes completely disconcerted the aggressive old chieftain. His supposed enemy, in some intangible way, had escaped him, and he felt keenly his own mistake. He was glad to see Colin coming; it gave him an opportunity of escaping honourably from a conversation which had been very humiliating to him. He had a habit when annoyed of seeking the sea-beach. The chafing, complaining waves suited his fretful mood, and leaving the young men, he turned to the sea, taking the hillside with such mighty strides that Selwyn watched him with admiration and astonishment.

"Four miles of that walking will bring him home in the most amiable of moods," said Colin. And perhaps it would, if he had been left to the sole companionship of nature. But when he was half way home he met Dominie Tallisker, a man of as lofty a spirit as any Crawford who ever lived. The two men were close friends, though they seldom met without disagreeing on some point.

"Weel met, dominie! Are you going to the Keep?"

"Just so, I am for an hour's talk wi' that fine young English clergyman you hae staying wi' you."

"Tallisker, let me tell you, man, you hae been seen o'er much wi' him lately. Why, dominie! he is an Episcopal, and an Arminian o' the vera warst kind."

"Hout, laird! Arminianism isna a contagious disease. I'll no mair tak Arminianism from the Rev. George Selwyn than I'll tak Toryism fra Laird Alexander Crawford. My theology and my politics are far beyond inoculation. Let me tell you that, laird."

"Hae ye gotten an argument up wi' him, Tallisker? I would like weel to hear ye twa at it."

"Na, na; he isna one o' them that argues. He maks downright assertions; every one o' them hits a body's conscience like a sledge-hammer. He said that to me as we walked the moor last night that didna let me sleep a wink."

"He is a vera disagreeable young man. What could he say to you? You have aye done your duty."

"I thought sae once, Crawford. I taught the bairns their catechism; I looked weel to the spiritual life o' young and old; I had aye a word in season for all. But maybe this I ought to hae done, and not left the other undone."

"You are talking foolishness, Tallisker, and that's a thing no usual wi' you."

"No oftener wi' me nor other folk. But, laird, I feel there must be a change. I hae gotten my orders, and I am going to obey them. You may be certain o' that."

"I didna think I would ever see Dominie Tallisker taking orders from a disciple o' Arminius—and an Englishman forbye!"

"I'll tak my orders, Crawford, from any messenger the Lord chooses to send them by. And I'll do this messenger justice; he laid down no law to me, he only spak o' the duty laid on his own conscience; but my conscience said 'Amen' to his—that's about it. There has been a breath o' the Holy Ghost through the Church o' England lately, and the dry bones o' its ceremonials are being clothed upon wi' a new and wonderfu' life."

"Humff!" said the laird wi' a scornful laugh as he kicked a pebble out of his way.

"There is a great outpouring at Oxford among the young men, and though I dinna agree wi' them in a' things, I can see that they hae gotten a revelation."

"Ou, ay, the young ken a' things. It is aye young men that are for turning the warld upside down. Naething is good enough for them."

The dominie took no notice of the petulant interruption. "Laird," he said excitedly, "it is like a fresh Epiphany, what this young Mr. Selwyn says—the hungry are fed, the naked clothed, the prisoners comforted, the puir, wee, ragged, ignorant bairns gathered into homes and schools, and it is the gospel wi' bread and meat and shelter and schooling in its hand. That was Christ's ain way, you'll admit that. And while he was talking, my heart burned, and I bethought me of a night-school for the little herd laddies and lasses. They could study their lessons on the hillside all day, and I'll gather them for an hour at night, and gie them a basin o' porridge and milk after their lessons. And we ought not to send the orphan weans o' the kirk to the wark-house; we ought to hae a home for them, and our sick ought to be better looked to. There is many another good thing to do, but we'll begin wi' these, and the rest will follow."

The laird had listened thus far in speechless indignation. He now stood still and said:

"I'll hae you to understand, Dominie Tallisker, that I am laird

o' Crawford and Traquare, and I'll hae nae such pliskies played in either o' my clachans."

"If you are laird, I am dominie. You ken me weel enough to be sure if this thing is a matter o' conscience to me, neither king nor kaiser can stop me. I'd snap my finger in King George's face if he bid me 'stay,' when my conscience said 'go,'" and the dominie accompanied the threat with that sharp, resonant fillip of the fingers that is a Scotchman's natural expression of intense excitement of any kind.

"King George!" cried the laird, in an ungovernable temper, "there is the whole trouble. If we had only a Charles Stuart on the throne there would be nane o' this Whiggery."

"There would be in its place masses, and popish priests, and a few private torture-chambers, and whiles a Presbyterian heretic or twa burned at the Grass-market. Whiggery is a grand thing when it keeps the Scarlet Woman on her ain seven hills. Scotland's hills and braes can do weel, weel without her."

This speech gave the laird time to think. It would never do to quarrel with Tallisker. If he should set himself positively against his scheme of sending his clan to Canada it would be almost a hopeless one; and then he loved and respected his friend. His tall, powerful frame and his dark, handsome face, all aglow with a passionate conviction of right, and an invincible determination to do it, commanded his thorough admiration. He clasped his hands behind his back and said calmly:

"Tallisker, you'll be sorry enough for your temper erelong. You hae gien way mair than I did. Ye ken how you feel about it."

"I feel ashamed o' mysel', laird. You'll no lay the blame o' it to my office, but to Dugald Tallisker his ain sel'. There's a deal o' Dugald Tallisker in me yet, laird; and whiles he is o'er much for Dominie Tallisker."

They were at the gate by this time, and Crawford held out his hand and said:

"Come in, dominie."

"No; I'll go hame, laird, and gie mysel' a good talking to. Tell Mr. Selwyn I want to see him."

---

## BLESS YE THE LORD.

Whilst we are sleeping, those to whom the King
Has measured out a cup of sorrow, sweet
With His dear love, yet very hard to drink.
Are waking in His temple; and the eyes
That cannot sleep for sorrow, or for pain,
Are lifted up to heaven; and sweet, low songs
Broken by patient tears, arise to God.
Bless ye the Lord, ye servants of the Lord!
Which stand by night within His holy place
To give Him worship! Ye are priests to Him
And minister round the altar; pale
Yet joyful in the night.

# SHUT IN.

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

It was the dreariest hour of the day in the Hope Hospital. It was the time when even in the South End of the city, where the afternoons are generous and the streets wide, the sun steps slowly off the floor of the ward and leans over the window-sills and draws his shining skirts around him, and gets away. It was the time before gas and after daylight; it was the time when the afternoon fever sets in; it was the time when the doctor does not come upon his next visit; it was the time when it ought to be supper-time and isn't; when one ought to feel better and doesn't; when one wants to be at home and can't; when the hand-organ on Harmony Street plays "The Old Folks at Home," or "Toll the Bell," or "Bury me Deep," or other enlivening airs suited to enhance the cheerfulness of patients. It was the time when the Irishwoman in the next bed maintains that she cannot live till morning, or will die in the attempt to prove it; when the negress in the surgical ward, who has the serious operation and the funny temperament, sings:

"Sambo was my dai-sy!"

as loud as she dares and louder than she is allowed; when the West End lady patroness in the private room, who always comes to her own hospital when she is ill, sends her maid on twenty errands in as many minutes; when the pious patient calls for her Bible and reads aloud from Lamentations; when the patient with the cough is noisy, when the patient with the groan is groany, when the patient who weeps is teary, when the nurse looks out of the window, and wishes she were free to take a walk like other folks: the hour when it seems impossible to get well and objectionable to die and worse to live; when the burden of all life is at its heaviest and the lot of the sick is at its hardest—it was half-past four o'clock. Besides, it was late in October and it was Boston.

It had been threatening rain all day; and between half-past four and five the fall began. This was the time when the hospital ambulance slowly turned the corner of Washington Street, and rolled considerately up the hospital avenue with the new patient. Not that it was an event to receive a new patient at the Hope Hospital, which was a new enterprise, modern to the last detail, both of faith and practice, and representing the most progressive form of medical science; paying some special attention to the comfort and the diversion of patients according to methods of its own. Hope Hospital was a popular place; had not beds enough to receive the half of its applicants, and declined them by the hundreds every year. The institution is well known as one of the magnificent charities of one of the most generous towns in the world.

It is crowded, as I said. But a patient from Michigan does not

come every day. It was understood that the celebrity of her "case"—which means the extremity and obduracy of her sufferings—had admitted the patient from Michigan. The celebrated Dr. Von Moltke, of our own staff, had ordered preparations for the girl, who had appealed to his skill by a letter which she never would have dared to write had she known the man she wrote to; for this reason, perhaps, it touched him. The great man, brusque, savage when he felt like it, worn to the shreds of his nerve and his temper, doing the work of ten better-natured men, used to turning off patients as the editor of a popular magazine turns away spring verse, peremptorily required every attention paid to this obscure young woman.

"She suffers the torments of hell," he said; "and she writes the letter of an angel in heaven."

"The patient from Michigan, Dr. Hall," announced the janitor. "Miss Brand, sir."

The house physician bustled and blushed a little as he went out to receive Miss Brand. He was a delicate, boyish fellow, pale and fair, possessed of the excessive shyness not uncommon with young men, beginners in his profession. He bustled because he felt his unimportance; he blushed because he tried to feel at ease; he had not been at his post six months, and was not hardened yet to the sight of suffering women.

The patient from Michigan, when the door of the ambulance was opened, turned her face with a look of keen expectance. She saw a patch of rainy sky from which the drops drizzled petulantly; the brick façade of the hospital towered behind; the brown grass-plots and dying red and yellow chrysanthemums in the well-kept flower-beds spattered against each other. A marble woman, supposed to represent the art of healing as adapted to the limitations of a fountain, poured Cochituate and rain from a vase upon the forehead of a marble child with the general appearance of having his face washed and objecting to it. The foreground of this scenery was occupied by a dripping umbrella; beneath it, a dripping young man. He stood in the storm with his hat off, looking gently into the ambulance.

"You don't look as I expected," observed the patient immediately. "I supposed you were black and big."

"Madam?" expostulated the young man, blushing madly.

"Aren't you Dr. Von Moltke?" inquired Miss Brand comfortably.

"No!" cried the house physician. "Why, I don't look any more like him than a—a turkey does like—like a man-of-war."

"Oh, I *beg* your pardon! You see I'm so ignorant. I never was at a hospital. It didn't occur to me there was more than one doctor. How funny!"

Miss Brand laughed merrily; the house physician laughed too; he did not remember ever having seen a new patient laugh before; they usually took it out in sadder ways, poor things, when the excitement of arrival succeeded the miseries of the journey.

"May I get out?" asked the patient from Michigan, with twinkling eyes. As Dr. Wentworth Hall looked into the ambulance from

the Boston storm, Miss Brand seemed to him to be all eyes. She had a dark, sweet face; it was a small face of the type which gives an impression of essential refinement; she had brown hair, which was brushed back from a high forehead beneath an invalid cap, over which she wore a crocheted woolen hood or rigolette of white; her stuff dress was brown and old and covered by an older brown cloak, and shawl of brown and white check; her brown gloves were much mended and white at the fingers' ends. Evidently the patient from Michigan was not a rich person. Her cheeks were sunken, and the chiselling of intense suffering had been deeply carved about her mouth and forehead, between and above the eyes. Her eyes were uncommonly large and brilliant; of a colour not easy to classify; they looked at the young physician straight and strong; it was as if the soul of health shone out of the body of disease.

"I can't *get* out, you know," she added, laughing lightly. "I don't walk, I'm ashamed to say."

"Your pardon, Miss Brand!" pleaded the young doctor with a fresh, fierce blush. "You shall have every attention at once."

He relapsed into official distance immediately; atoning for the touch of human nature that the new patient had aroused in him by a preternatural gravity and impersonality of demeanour, which had the effect of making him look younger than ever; at which the patient's lips twitched disrespectfully as they carried her up the walk and into the hospital through the now driving and inhospitable rain.

Left to herself at last, oh, left alone at last! Who but the patient knows the mercilessness or the mercy of solitude? Hertha Brand took hers when she got it, as she took most things, in ways peculiar to herself.

All the preliminaries were over; she had done all the proper things; answered the inquiries as to the fatigue of her journey; been introduced to her nurse; received the visit of the assistant house physician, a young lady who regarded her with some perplexity beneath a set of bright blonde bangs, and over a particularly stylish ruff; had attempted to eat her supper, and failed; had been ordered broth at eight, and promised to try; had enquired for Dr. Von Moltke, and been told that he would call to-morrow at half-past four; had said good-night to the house physician, who felt her pulse with an abashed and ladylike fore-finger, and (being still young in his profession) expressed some impulsive sympathy with the evident exhaustion of the patient, who had the originality not to call his attention to it.

The assistant house physician awaited the house physician as he gently replaced the screen and left the bedside of the patient from Michigan.

Dr. Mary May and Dr. Hall walked together the length of the ward consulting in low tones. Her little mouth closed primly. The young woman in spectacles, who stood six ahead of Dr. May in the medical college at graduation, was indiscreet enough to

affirm that Mary May would never have received the appointment if she had not been a *stylish* girl; but it is possible that the valedictorian's vision was astigmatic, from over-study by candle-ends in the cold hall bedroom of the cheap boarding-house, where the gas was turned off at half-past nine.

"What do *you* think of the case, doctor?" asked Mary May respectfully. It was her nature to say to the house physician, "What do *you* think?" after the great Von Moltke or others of the staff had visited a case. Wentworth Hall was a sensible little fellow; but he responded to this deference as an honest, good-natured dog does to a pat on the head; without knowing it.

"Spinal, I think," said Dr. Hall, with a little importance, which may be pardoned to him; he approved of Miss May, whose feminine nature had not been vitiated by her profession; she retained that graceful respect for the natural leaders of the vocation which—

"I didn't know but *you* would think it hysterical?" suggested Mary May.

"A woman with those eyes never has hysteria," he said, with unwonted decision.

"I should value your opinion, of course," mildly replied Mary May.

Alone at last! Oh, alone at last! Miss Brand turned her face upon her pillow with the relief of the long sigh that no one can overhear. She was suffering—but let us not say what. The chronic invalid is the most solitary being in the world. Between himself and life, there rises a wall of stained glass. Because we of the outside can see through it here or there, we forget that we never break through it.

Hertha Brand lay upon her cot patiently. The screen closed in about her; the wall seemed to reach out across her as if the two clasped hands to hold her there. Beyond, the screen of the next patient rose and regarded her. There were two storks and a bulrush on her screen; there were two bulrushes and a stork upon her neighbour's screen. The wall was white. The neighbour with the one stork coughed; the invisible neighbour at her head behind the two storks groaned; the padded doors of the long ward shut with their little muffled thuds as nurses passed in or out. Once she heard a doctor's voice—Dr. Hall's—soothing a sobbing girl at the other end of the room.

"This is my world," said Hertha Brand. "God created it."

She turned her head toward the wall, because she could turn nothing else; she was too exhausted to move.

"It is something not to have to look at those two storks all night," she thought. "Really, I'm quite fortunate. The wall is such a pleasant change. And no paper? That is the height of pathological civilization."

She thought of the paper in her little room in Michigan, that barren little room in which she had lain till every atom of it was hospitalized from her pathetic presence.

"I wonder if father misses me?" thought the patient from

Michigan. "Poor father! I didn't make him very *much* trouble; but he has the children, and *they* are all well."

*"Hertha Brand, Schoolhouse, Michigan. Aged twenty-nine. Has not walked for seven years."*

The great Dr. Von Moltke paused here, and gave one unnecessary look (which in a man whose glances have a par value of, say, five dollars a minute or a dollar a wink, goes for something) at the patient whose symptoms he did the honour to record in his celebrated note-book. He was not an imaginative man, it is safe to say; but a vision passed before the surgeon at that moment of what it might mean to be bed-ridden for seven years—in Schoolhouse, Michigan. He added to his superfluous look one superfluous question:

"Is Schoolhouse a—large place?"

"We have a population of twenty-one hundred. Twenty-one hundred and one, if you counted me," answered the patient from Michigan.

"I *propose* to count you. You shall go back as live as any of them. Now, Miss Brand, can you answer questions sensibly? I have no time to waste. Understand that!"

"When you speak to me properly, sir, I will try," replied Miss Brand, with a snap of her strong eyes.

"H'm-m-m." The great man laid down his note-book and looked over it at the patient with a sort of infantile astonishment. He had never been answered in that manner by a little person. He was used to having full swing (and taking it) with his *clientèle*. Everybody was afraid of him; he made use of the general deference as he did of any other universal pathological law.

"H'm-m!" said Dr. Von Moltke. "*You'll* get well!"

"I have no objections, sir."

"Then, if you please, madam, you will answer my questions as well as you know how?"

"Certainly; with pleasure."

"You have not walked for seven years?"

"Seven years."

"Accident or illness?"

"A railroad accident. I was jarred. After that we lay in the snow, and I froze before I was picked up."

"Pain ever since?"

"Ever since."

"Unrelieved?"

"Unrelieved."

"Here? and there? and there?"

"Yes, of course; and there."

"Insomnia?"

"Oh, yes."

"Serious?"

"It depends upon your standard. I think I would become a cannibal for a week's sleep."

"H'm-m-m. Yes. We'll stop all that, you understand. How did you get here?"

"My friends put me in charge of the conductor. The brakemen were very kind to me. I was passed on from road to road. There were some passengers—ladies—they saw to my meals. I got along. Everybody was kind to me. It was very interesting. I had my ticket: like a corpse. Did you know a corpse has to have a ticket like a live man? If he travels alone they fasten it on the box. I got along beautifully. I'm used to getting along. The jar was the worst—and it took a good while to get here. That's all."

"Are you poor?"

"Oh, yes; of course I'm *poor*. Sickness is so different, I should think, when one can get things. The ladies of our church helped father collect for the ticket to Boston. I never had to take charity before. I said I wouldn't, you know. But I did. You said you could cure me."

"Who takes care of you—in Schoolhouse, Michigan?"

"My step-mother does all she can. She is very good. She has five children."

"Noisy? Did you mind it much?"

"It was the only thing I ever cried about—rainy days when they were all at home: and Sundays; and when I was worse, you know. Our boys wear copper-toed shoes. But *they* are all well. Father is well, too. So is she. You couldn't expect well people to understand things, could you, doctor? It isn't human to be sick. It is like being a hunchback—it is deformed; nobody understands. Why, of course not. I wouldn't have you blame my people, doctor. They are very kind to me. They meant to be. I *had* to go without things. There wasn't anybody to look after *me*. Why, *I* was sick!—I have read about wheeled-chairs. I never saw one till I came here. I have wanted one for seven years. But I got along nicely. Oh, I got along!"

"Can you read?"

"Sometimes. I had to be in a dark room; but that only lasted three years. Sometimes I can read half an hour a day, now. It is such a comfort."

"Can you sew? Play games? Receive visits? How have you occupied your time?"

"I can't use my arms, you know. One year I crocheted a tidy; but I had to give it up. And then my room was so cold. We couldn't afford a fire; the heat came in from the sitting-room. The door had to be kept open. In cold weather I had to keep my arms under the bed-clothes to keep warm. But I play dominoes with the boys sometimes. But boys jar the bed so, you know. I can't talk very long at one time—and people stay a good while, of course. People came to see me. But they *all* came Sundays and *always* at four o'clock, after church. That hurt me, you see. I had to stop."

"How in—Michigan, *have* you occupied these seven years, Miss Brand?"

The invalid's large eyes narrowed and melted; a look came into

them which the surgeon could not diagnose; it was not described upon the pages of any of his volumes of therapeutics."

"You wouldn't understand, I think," she said softly.

"Then enlighten me!" commanded the physician peremptorily.

"Why, I have—prayed a good deal; if you insist on knowing."

"*Prayed?* Poor occupation! Worst thing in the world for you!"

"I hadn't anything else to do," said Hertha Brand simply. "There was no harm in it, was there? It helped me; that was all."

The surgeon gave the patient from Michigan one more unnecessary look. It was a piercing look, long and grave. He did not smile. He perceived that he had a new "case" upon his distinguished note-book, which he shut with a snap, and said he would call to-morrow morning.

Now when he had gone some yards away, Dr. Von Moltke halted in his resounding stride and returned to the bedside of the patient from Michigan. This was a phenomenon. The surgeon was a man who never returned to a patient when the visit was done. From end to end of the ward, the eyes of the sick stirred as the bodies of well people move toward an accident or incident in the street. The Irishwoman beyond the storks coughed coquettishly to attract the great man's attention to her fatal condition. The religious case laid down her Bible and groaned appealingly. But the surgical case said nothing funny—having been carried to the morgue an hour before. As for Dr. Mary May, she raised her pretty eyebrows inquiringly to Dr. Hall.

"You are to get *well*, you understand!" exploded Von Moltke fiercely. "There's to be no nonsense about it. We will send you home a well woman."

"Thank you, sir," said Hertha Brand gently. "I have heard doctors say that before."

"Have you ever heard ME say it before?" demanded Von Moltke. Over his large face, like an electric reflection, passed a white light of rage; he was called magnificent when he was angry. Miss Brand laughed. It was an inconceivable irreverence, but she did—she laughed.

"She shows fight," thought the medical tyrant; "she'll do. There's no scare in her." But he said nothing to the fragile rebel; he never complimented the sick; he regarded her intently, bowed mightily, and left the ward like a muzzled cyclone.

Now Christmas week came to Hope Hospital after all. One hardly expected it. It seemed one of the things that must pass by the inmates of that afflicted place—like health, or joy itself. Out in the world, beyond the dead chrysanthemums, beyond the marble woman in the fountain, who washed the marble boy's face with icicles; in the well, live, stirring, striving world, Christmas might feel at home; like a heart among its kindred; but here——

Yet here there really was a delightful stir. Hertha Brand explained to the West End patroness, who, it seemed, represented the society with the short name, how delightful it was. The pious

patient had finished Lamentations, and was reading aloud the beautiful tale of the Star in the East. The Irishwoman had given up dying for a day or two; the priest himself had made her a Christmas call, and her son, a young gentleman consisting chiefly of freckles and an odour of South End livery stables, had brought her a paper of peanuts and a pound of red rock-candy.

"She hasn't a tooth in her head," merrily explained Miss Brand; "but she is perfectly happy. Everybody thinks of everybody, and *everybody* thinks of the sick. A hospital is the jolliest place I ever spent Christmas in in all my life. Christmas cards flood us like pellets; and as for lace bags with mixed candy in them——"

"I represent the 'Shut-in Society,'" interrupted the lady patroness suavely. "I always make it a point to visit the hospitals at Christmas. Shall I find something suitable for your case in our list of publications?"

"I know your society," said Miss Brand unexpectedly. "It's an excellent thing. If I ever get well, I am going to try to improve on it. You have the grandest chances of any association in this country, and I don't wholly like the way you use them. Excuse me, madam—I may have had no fair experience—but it seems to me you give one too many things of one kind. Now, in three years I have had sent to me"—she counted on her thin fingers—"so many tracts, so many leaflets, and three Testaments, and nothing else. It just so happened, perhaps, but they were *all* religious things. It seems ungrateful to mention it, when people mean so kindly. But truly, madam, I think something not quite so serious now and then, would be a good thing, don't you?"

"You are not a religious woman, perhaps?" inquired the visitor, politely.

"I hope so, madam; I try to be. That is why I object to your methods. When I am president of your society I sha'n't slight the Bible, but I shall add Dickens, and Frank Stockton, and 'Happy Thoughts,' and oh, madam, something to make us smile! To make us *smile!* We sha'n't pray any the less for it. No fear of our neglecting the other world. Why, it's all we've *got*. If you'll only try to make this one more tolerable, you'll do us the best turn in the power of all the societies on earth to do the sick! Oh, *amuse* us—amuse us if you can!"

"I never was an invalid," replied the visitor, very prettily. "Perhaps you are right. I only have fevers now and then. You ought to have the wisdom of your experience. It seems a hard one."

"It is the hardest one in the hospital," said the house physician to the representative of the "Shut-ins"; "and if she were to revolutionize charity to the sick as she has done this ward, the world would be made over, madam, shortly. She has hardly been here two months. She is the joy of this place already, madam. She is the strength of it, she is the comfort of it, she is the pluck and spirit and fun and hope of it. There isn't a patient in the ward who doesn't love her. There isn't a doctor here who doesn't respect her. She thinks less of herself and more of other people than any sick person I ever knew. She has a remarkable nature. If she

gives you any advice about the treatment of invalids, you'll be wise if you listen to it, in *my* opinion. When Dr. Von Moltke isn't here, I offer my opinion sometimes," added the house physician, with a frank, fine smile he had which was charming.

"That poor girl," continued Dr. Hall, with a shade upon his sensitive face, "is to undergo—within five days—on holiday week—at the desire of the consulting staff—one of the deadliest operations known to surgical history. She didn't tell you, did she? I thought not. Most of us make more fuss over filling a tooth. She is superb. She is supreme. Good-morning, madam. Yes? I wish you *would* bring her some flowers on New Year's Day—if she lives so long. They're better than daily texts for a case like hers. I don't know how it happens; those people of hers must be very neglectful. Nobody sent her anything on Christmas—not even a card; forgot her, I suppose; she never complained of it, but she looked sober when the Christmas mails came in. Most of the patients were remembered—little souvenirs—something. All she said was: 'Oh, they are all busy at home. They are all well. They don't understand what it is to be sick, and fifteen hundred miles from home. It's natural they should forget, doctor. It's all right. I don't mean to mind it, doctor. They love me just as much, you know.'"

"Poor girl!" murmured the visitor from the "Shut-in Society"; her eyes filled. "We will try to make it up to her," she said.

Dr. Hall returned to the bedside of Miss Brand; his face was glowing; their eyes met with a sudden sweet intelligence. The drama had moved on in two months.

The young physician differed from Dr. Von Moltke radically about the case, in which, therefore, he took the more interest. Between himself and Hope Hospital's favourite patient a fine feeling, like a silken tie, had occurred. He called it sympathy. She called it friendship. She had a divine ease and unconsciousness with him. She had the invalid's sacred protection from misapprehension. She was shut in to her lot like a sweet nun into her cell. She was like the spirits in heaven, who neither marry nor are given in marriage. She regarded him trustfully. She leaned upon him with the piteous weakness of strength disabled. His fine quality pervaded her being like an atmosphere.

"What day has he set for the operation?" asked Dr. Hall, abruptly.

"To-morrow at three," composedly said Hertha Brand.

"To-morrow? I did not think—but Von Moltke pushes things when his mind is set. I suppose he has explained to you the nature of the—risk?"

"Oh, yes. He seems to be an honourable man. He told me about it. He said it was my only chance. He ordered it. I am his patient. So I said I would do it. That's all."

"You understand," pursued the house physician, frowning, "that the removal of such a growth—assuming that his diagnosis is correct and that any such thing exists in your case—you understand, Miss Brand, that only one such instance is known in medical

history? You understand that only one surgeon has ever performed this—difficult—operation successfully? You understand that Von Moltke has never done it?"

"He thinks he can do what any other man can, I suppose," quietly replied Miss Brand; "and that other patient lived."

"He was a man," shortly answered the house physician, "and an Arctic explorer; and Hellingpfeiffer of New York did it."

A flush passed over the invalid's pale and tender face; she did not turn her eyes toward the house physician, but her profile on the white pillow had a vivid consciousness, expressive, like language.

"I have trusted Dr. Von Moltke!" she said, quickly. "That is what I am here for. I have trusted him!"

"You may not know," replied Wentworth Hall, in his turn not regarding her, "that there exists at the present time an intensifying conflict between surgery and other forms of medical treatment. There is a cultus—a tendency—on the one hand to the extreme measure. Everything goes to the knife. It is the first appeal. It ought to be the last; like the sword in human affairs. Gentler (and safer) measures exist; they should be tried first. The true treatment—the exact remedy—the ideal hygiene—these form our basis of hope and effort. Von Moltke is a surgeon. But," added Wentworth Hall beneath his breath, "he is the first consulting power of this hospital. I am only the house physician."

Hertha Brand turned her sweet face impulsively toward him. Their eyes found each other now in a long look.

"What would happen," she asked, after a silence, "if it were known that you have—warned—that you have been so noble—that you have said to me what you have?"

"Oh, it would cost me my position, of course," he answered, quietly. "I have done an unprofessional act," he added in a lower tone. "I have—" he broke off in agitation, and turned his chair slightly away from her.

"Do you mean," insisted the patient, "that you object to the operation? That you consider it unnecessary? Even very dangerous? Possibly murderous?"

The house physician made no reply. Over his young, averted face, the signs of a high struggle were moving, like the shadows from the wings of two spirits.

"Perhaps you don't even think that I *have* the trouble he wants to cut me up for?"

But Wentworth Hall kept silence still. On the one hand, professional etiquette, ethics, honour itself, stood guard over the young man's next movement in this delicate game. All the promise of his life warned him. His fate held up a firm forefinger. His future hung upon a motion of his lips, nay, upon a glance of the eye. On one side, the code of all his world, the glamour of assured success, the control of the customary view of things persuaded him. On the other, lay nothing but a helpless creature; the duty, the doubtful and difficult duty, of a well man toward a sick woman—that was all. He could not look at her. His fair face flushed. He felt his soul and body wrenched within him.

"Do you disagree with the diagnosis?" persisted Miss Brand, in a low, clear tone. "Do you think I need not undergo—all that? That I shall die? If I were your patient, would you not do it? If I were your patient, what *would* you do with me?"

The flush upon the house physician's cheek gave place to a pallor that was almost pitiful; it aroused the pity of the doomed woman. She smiled upon him like a seraph; gently lifting her pain-pinched face.

"Poor fellow!" she said—"poor fellow. I will not ask you. Do not answer me. Never mind! It doesn't matter very much. Don't trouble about it."

"Miss Brand," said Wentworth Hall, in a ringing voice, "I *shall* answer you. Look at me!"

She obeyed him; in her large eyes the outcry of life and death, of ignorance, helplessness, hopelessness, of all that appeals to the healer, and bewilders the sick; in his, the utter truth. It needed no word, and had none. His lips needed to do no treason to his hospital. But his eyes were true to her. She pressed his hand silently. He bowed and left her.

"God bless him!" she whispered, talking to herself as the solitary sick do; and gently turned her face away.

"Not undergo the *operation?*"

The great surgeon wheeled about like a pillar of fire; while he towered above the panting patient, he seemed to writhe, as a tall, living flame does.

"But every preparation is made! The Consulting Staff will be present. It is a very interesting *case!* I have telegraphed Hellingpfeiffer of New York to be present. . . . What do you mean?" he thundered.

"I—I am very—sorry, sir."

For the first time Hertha Brand quailed before the celebrated tyrant. She had been so brave all her life! Perhaps her pluck had been her one little adorable vanity; she had always been called such a courageous invalid! She had come up to the edge of the knife without wincing. Now she crawled away, like a deserter. She felt that the reputation of her life was gone; the glory of her fate had departed from her; she would pass for a coward all her days. And she had not a reason to give; not one. She was dumb. For unpardonable weakness, for criminal ingratitude to the hospital that had cherished her, for vacillation disgraceful to a child who had an appointment at the dentist's, she must be known and remembered, as the well and the powerful remember the follies of the sick and the weak. And yet by all that was honourable in woman or in patient she must be dumb.

"I have—a reason," she panted, "I cannot explain. I do not expect to be understood. I know I must seem—unpardonable. Forgive me, doctor! You have been good to me. I have trusted you. You have helped me; you have given me my only hope of life. I thank you, doctor. I know how kindly you mean by me, but oh, forgive me! I cannot undergo the operation to-morrow. I ask a fortnight's reprieve—a week's—"

"Not a week!" blazed the angry surgeon. "Busy men like this Consulting Staff can't dance attendance on the whims of sick girls—of charity patients," he began to say—he did so far forget himself; he was the angriest man in his profession in Boston that holiday week; then he stopped, for he felt ashamed; he looked at her refined, patient, piteous profile, and he felt ashamed. He pushed his chair back fiercely.

"I have nothing more to say to you, Miss Brand! I abandon the case! Hope Hospital abandons the case! You are at liberty to return to Schoolhouse, Michigan—and the village doctor—whenever you choose! Good-morning, madam!"

"Stay a minute," urged Hertha Brand, who had now regained her composure. "I don't blame you, Dr. Von Moltke, for being displeased with me. I have no reasons—that I am at liberty to give—suitable to account for my conduct in your eyes. A—charity patient, too—as you said."

But the great surgeon and his great wrath had thundered from the ward. The exhausted patient turned upon her cot, and fainted roundly, which, under the circumstances, was a luxury she had no reason to expect, not being a fainting woman.

She felt better for this period of unconsciousness, so rare in her life of suffering that she looked upon it gratefully, and in the evening, when she was left to herself, she thought it all over and bravely laid her pitiful plans. She must go back. Hope Hospital could shelter her despair no longer. She would go back to Schoolhouse, Michigan; she would crawl into her own old bed in the little bedroom where she had lain for seven years. The door would be open to let in what they called the heat from the sitting-room fire; she would put her arms under the clothes to keep warm; the boys with their copper-toed shoes would come stamping in; her mother would bring her breakfast and ask her how she felt this morning; her father would say it was a pity to have had all this *expense* and come home as bad as ever; the family would gossip over her; the neighbours would call upon her Sunday afternoons at four o'clock; she would lie and look at the green and chocolate paper.

She had written home, poor thing, though hearing nothing—a Christmas letter, a farewell letter touchingly full of love and gratitude, when one considered how little she had to be grateful for; a letter telling them about the crisis, and how it would be all over when they got this, either for well or ill; she had left one or two of her little books and the trifles of her barren life to "those who loved her," her father and one of the boys who kissed her when he played dominoes, and a neighbour or so, who raised the money for the ticket to Boston.

She had said her cheerful little good-bye words, in case it went wrong with her; but had told them she was sure it would go right, and that she should come home to them a well creature—a live woman; the cured patient of Hope Hospital; "their loving, happy, hopeful Hertha." Thus she had signed and sealed and sent her Christmas letter home. And she had added a postscript

and asked her old minister to pray for her; that was the way one did in Schoolhouse, Michigan. She liked the old minister, and she was tired of her own prayers; they seemed to have all betrayed her lately. She had the not uncommon experience of unselfish invalids, that for years she had scarcely prayed for herself, only for other people; people she knew who suffered or needed; her sacred inner life had been full of them, and theirs. Since she came to Hope Hospital she had prayed sometimes for herself, for cure, for life itself. It had seemed natural here. And what had come to her? Misled! misled! All on the wrong path; all a mistake; going back to Michigan! Uncured—incurable. "Now," thought Hertha Brand, with her healthy good sense, "either I have prayed too much for myself, or not enough. One or the other. I wonder which . . . . Lord," she cried, "tell me!" She did not often cry. But she began to sob now, behind the screen. She folded her wasted hands like a child, and so, in this manner, prayed she:—

"God! What shall I do? Lord God, what shall *I do?* I am a sick woman—weak—incurable—I have been in bed for seven years. I suffer all the time. Thou Almighty! put thy strength upon me. Even thine, upon even *me.* Give me nerve, good sense, power of deciding what to do. I am in a hard place—oh, I am in a tough place. I have lost my pluck, I am worn out. I dread the journey back to Michigan—it was so hard. I'm afraid they won't be very glad to see me, I am so expensive to them. It doesn't seem to me as if I *could* go back into that room—that cold room—and lie there for seven years to come! Great God! it may be seventeen; it might be twenty-seven—oh, or more than that! I'm only twenty-nine years old. I may live to be an old woman . . . . It seems as if I could not, *could* not bear it. Dear Lord, I will bear it if I must; I will try—oh, I will try hard. But if there *is* any way I can be told, if I can be shown what to do to get better, or if only just what I *ought* to do, whether I can get better or not—or if I ought to have gone through that operation—just a sign! I pray thee have mercy upon me, for I won't ask anything unreasonable, not any miracle nor silly favor done to me—but just a sign! Almighty God, thou Healer of the souls and the bodies of all mankind! Thou great Physician of all sick people" . . .

"Fire! Oh, fire, *fire!*"

This cry so terrible in all human homes, so hideous in the hospital for the helpless sick, crashed into Hertha Brand's prayer, and rang and resounded through the ward. Wails of horror and pleas for mercy faltered through the wretched place. In an instant a panic had set in. Worse than fire threatened. Hertha pushed aside her screen and looked quietly out; she was so used to being helpless, and had so often thought how she would act in case of fire, that it came quite natural to her to be self-possessed. She saw it all in an instant. And this was what she saw.

Dr. Mary May was going to a party that night. It was her "evening off." She had come into the ward on some errand, real

or apparent, at the bedside of the Irishwoman who never lived till morning; and she had come, being hurried, and about to get into her wraps for her carriage, in her thin evening dress.

She had brought, contrary to custom, a lighted candle in her hand, which she had set down upon the table by the Irishwoman's cot. A nurse had opened a door suddenly—the wind blew a gale that night—the ventilators were open, a violent draught had swept Mary May's blue lace draperies into the flame of the candle. The amount of it was that Mary May was in a blaze. The cry of Fire! came from her own professional lips; and the panic among the sick followed, as it must No doctor was in the room. The only nurses stood like paralytics. So poor Mary May burned on. Then swifter than fire flashed through the bedridden invalid's being, these words:—

"She will burn to death before my eyes. They have all lost their wits. Nobody will touch her. *And he loves her.*"

In an instant, God knew how, she had done the deed. In a moment, she who had not put her foot upon the ground for seven years had sprung, had dashed, had reeled upon the burning girl, and dragging the blankets off her cot, rolled them about and about the blue lace figure, smothered down the blaze, and pushed the pretty victim to the ground, where strong arms of nurses gathered her, and so the thing was done. Saved and sobbing, Mary May was carried off to have her burns dressed—they were not important, but they smarted. Dr. Hall carried her. She forgot to thank Miss Brand.

In the uproar of the startled ward Hertha Brand stood in her white night-dress, radiant, illuminated, like the body in the sketch of William Blake that rises, rapturous, to meet his soul at the Resurrection Day. Patients cried out to her, but she heard nothing. Many blessed her, but she did not respond to their blessing. Nurses gathered about her and chattered, praising her; but she did not answer.

"Howly Mother, will they lave her sthandin' on her blissid bare feet!" cried the Irishwoman. "Bedad, they wouldn't do so much by a *rale* corrups in Ireland!"

"Come," said her own nurse, gently; "let us carry you back to bed."

"*Carry* me!" cried the incurable invalid. She put one bare foot before the other, walked out as she was, straight into the middle of the ward, turned, and steadily, like a soldier, marched back to bed. When she got there, she sank upon her knees, and the nurse, for she dared not, did not touch her. She only put a coverlet softly across the shoulders of her patient's night-dress, and, being fond of Miss Brand, knelt down and prayed beside her.

But the religious patient, who, before the fire, had been reading the Imprecatory Psalms, sat up in bed like a Christian woman, and began to sing:—

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow!"

It is a touching fact that the sick people in the ward where Hertha Brand was so beloved did join the religious patient, and sang the Doxology roundly, from end to end.

"I *thought* it was hysterics," said Mary May, sweetly, when she heard about it all.

She had the indiscretion to say this to Dr. Hall. He regarded her in the strong silence of a man to whose feeling for herself a woman has given the final, fatal touch. There was nothing to be said. He prescribed kindly for Dr. May; and, with bowed head, and hands clasped, he came to the bedside of the patient from Michigan.

He found her sitting upon her cot, dressed in her brown dress and little invalid cap, trying to mend her old brown gloves. She looked very pale, and sweet, and happy.

"I am getting ready," she said, "to go back to Michigan."

But Wentworth Hall shook his head.

"You will stay," he said—"with me."

"With *you?*"

"I shall take you to my mother's house. You shall be nursed and cared for. I shall make you a well woman. You have trusted me—a young, unknown practitioner—against Von Moltke's terrible reputation. I shall justify your trust, please God; as you, thank God, have justified my diagnosis. Some time—some other time;" he said in great agitation, "if you care for me—enough—or learn to—we will see . . . . You have grown unbearably dear to me, Hertha Brand. I don't know what I am to do about it. You brave, sweet girl! You plucky—glorious"—

"Oh, *hush!*" cried Hertha Brand.

One thing remained to do; and he did it. Dr. Wentworth Hall went like a man to the great and terrible surgeon. He told him all; he kept back no part of the professional price. It was easier, perhaps, because he could afford to, now; a man could afford anything who had beaten Von Moltke on diagnosis. But let us believe (as she did who trusted him) that he would have done it at all events.

"I have broken the code of professional etiquette, Dr. Von Moltke," said the young man, with proud humility, "for the sake of a suffering patient. That, unfortunately, is unpardonable in our vocation. I realize what my duty is. I will leave Hope Hospital as soon as you can supply my place. Miss Brand will accompany me—to my mother's home. I shall take her case immediately under my supervision, and treat it on my own theory. If I can cure her and win her—or, if I can win her, whether I cure her or not—I shall make her my wife. It rests with herself. I have no more to say. It is not a case we need to discuss, I think. My respect for yourself"—

"Never mind *your* respect for *me!*" roared the great man. "I'm going to see that girl!"

He came to her—tame as a cosset. His fine face was melted; like hard metal in a white heat. He found her sitting in an easy-

chair before an open fire at the end of the ward. She rose and advanced to greet him. He held out his large, white hands, and took her fragile one in both of his. He began immediately, without the superfluous, as his way was.

"I have heard of such cases. We had a patient here once for three years. We all pronounced her incurable with spinal disease. She became engaged to the janitor, and got well in three weeks. Don't blush. I don't locate this case on that line. There are others on record. You come under the class of cure by shocks. The shock was the battery to you. You might have fooled with electricity for years and nothing come of it. You needed the battery to body *and* mind. You got it, somehow. There was a motive there. I don't propose to dissect that. But it may be the Law of Sacrifice for aught I know. It is a powerful pathological agent.

"Miss Brand, I was wrong. I made a mistake in diagnosis. I lost my temper with you. . . . I beg your *par*-don."

He uttered the last words with the great gentleness of great strength; and, when he went, he left her in tears.

They passed out of the hospital together,—the dismissed patient and the house physician resigned. She walked to the carriage leaning upon his arm. The nurses and the convalescent patients gathered affectionately to see her go. Mary May was not visible, being still obliged to nurse a scar beneath her blonde bangs.

As Hertha and the house physician passed on together out of Hope Hospital into the free life, she was so silent that he turned and asked her how it was with her, thinking, perhaps, she might be lost in tender thoughts.

"When I am well," she whispered, "oh, when I am a *well* woman, I shall give my life itself to the sick. I will make their world all over. I will make it what nobody else has ever made it. I will do—God teach me," she added humbly, "what I shall do. No well person knows. I am so glad I have suffered. I thank God I understand."

"But," pleaded the young man, ruefully, "what part of your life is to be left for me?"

"The first choice," she said, "and the best. Will that do?"

He lifted her into the carriage, trembling more than she. It was a close carriage, and he drew the curtains. So they left Hope Hospital for the living world where joy replaces hope, and energy supersedes patience, and sacrifice and love and delight are one. Love radiantly undertook to finish the "case" that trust and courage had begun.

"Together," he cried, "we will cure the world!"

But the hand-organ on Harmony Street put in madly at that moment:—

"Oh, 'tis Love, 'tis Love, 'tis Love, that makes the world go round!"

And it was pretty in the agent of the "Shut Ins" to remember to send her flowers on New Year's Day—at his mother's house.

## COLLOQUY ON PREACHING.

BY CANON TWELLS, M.A.

SCENE: *Workmen leaving a Factory, in a large town.*

*Joe.* Can I do anything with you to-day?

*Ned.* I think not.

*Joe.* Hard up, I suppose? It struck me you looked uncommonly serious. Well, we all have our good and bad times. Of course we meet to-night, as usual, at the "Goat and Compasses"?

*Ned.* Why, no. Mates, you'll be surprised at what I'm going to say, but I've pretty well made up my mind never to bet again, and to have quite done with the "Goat and Compasses."

*Bill.* Hallo! What's in the wind, now? Bless your heart, it's been Queer Street with me sometimes.

*Ned.* It ain't that. Have either of you been to hear these mission-preachers?

*Joe.* Not I.

*Bill.* Nor I? Last night I was a-doing a deal better. I was a-listening to a fust-rate lecture at the Mechanics' Hall.

*Joe.* What was the subject?

*Bill.* Oh, an old 'un, Capital and Labour. But the lecturer was a cute chap, and well worth hearing. He proved even more clearly than I had heard it done before, that labour is shamefully oppressed by capital, and ought to stand up and assert its rights. There'll be a revolution some day.

*Joe.* P'r'aps, but somehow that time don't seem to get no forrader. It strikes me, Bill, that if we're to help ourselves, we must do it some other way. About these here mission-preachers. My wife is wonderfully taken with them, but we know what women are. I should have thought, Ned, you were not at all the sort of fellow likely to be humbugged by the parsons.

*Ned.* You should go and judge for yourselves. There's a man preaching at that there church round the corner, as made me feel one of the biggest fools in creation. I've been uncomfortable ever since.

*Bill.* That's a good 'un. You want us to go and hear a fellow who'll make us feel the biggest fools in creation, and keep us uncomfortable all next day. A likely thing!

*Ned.* But, Bill, if so be it's true we *are* big fools, is it not better that we should know it, that we may have a chance of becoming wiser men?

*Bill.* I'll warrant these big, spouting parsons, who go about the country, holding what they call missions, are well paid for what they do.

*Ned.* Nothing of the sort. That lecturer of yours no doubt was paid, but I happen to know these preachers don't receive a single sixpence. The man I heard has a parish of his own, but is giving up a holiday to try and do some good in our town.

*Joe.* How did he show you to be a fool, Ned?

*Ned.* Well, I'll try and explain; but I wish I could tell you how earnest he was, and how he pinned me down like. There wasn't no escaping him. He began by telling us that he was a-going to speak to us of two great subjects which very closely concerned us all, Life and Death. He said he did not propose at present to give us his personal opinions about them, because he thought the best way would be for us to consider, first of all, what our own was.

*Joe.* That seemed fair.

*Ned.* Did we think we should live for ever?

*Bill.* A stupid question.

*Ned.* Did we know how long we should live?

*Bill.* Another stupid question.

*Ned.* Were we quite certain that we should live another year, or even another day? A cold shiver came over me, mates, for I remembered old Dan dropping down dead at our loom.

*Bill.* I hate that style of thing. What good does it do?

*Ned.* But you see, Bill, you're hating it don't alter nohow the sort of fix it stands in. Next, he enquired if we thought we should be done with when we died, like the beasts, and the birds, and the insects?

*Bill.* I don't suppose we shall be altogether done with: though who can tell?

*Joe.* I'm quite sure *I* shall not be done with: don't feel in the least like it. I'm not a religious man myself, but I grant you as much as that.

*Ned.* Then he wanted to know whether our own consciences did not tell us that the sort of life we are to live on the other side the grave depends upon what we think and do now. Bill and Joe, I won't pretend to guess what your consciences say, but mine says Yes!

*Joe.* That's an uncommonly orkard question, Ned, lad. I think I'd rather not tackle it. How did he go on?

*Ned.* He begged us not to put it from us, like cowards, but to meet it like brave men. He sketched the sort of life so many of us lead, the drinking, the betting, the swearing, the filthy talk, the Sundays spent in hanging about and smoking, God Almighty never so much as thought of. Joe and Bill, old chums, it was *my* life. And he seemed to look us through and through, as he asked if we believed that this was the sort of life likely to serve us when we have to go.

*Bill.* I've heard all that before. It's cant!

*Ned.* And so have I heard it, I suppose, but somehow it never came home to me as it did last night. It was scarcely so much preaching, as making us preach to ourselves. We was somehow obliged to answer his questions innards, though never a one spoke a word, and you might have heard a pin drop. And then he said one thing which struck me all of a heap. The very words seem to stick to me. He declared it was the most foolish of all foolish things, the most monstrous of all monstrous things, the most terrible of all terrible things, to have a belief in such matters, and not to try to act up to it. Bill, lad, that's not cant: it's common sense.

*Joe.* Then you intend going again to-night?

*Ned.* Yes, certainly, for he promised to tell us what he himself believes about Life and Death, and I want to know. In the meantime he turned sharp off upon another tack. Putting another world out of the question, did we feel satisfied that we were making the best of this? Was it our deliberate opinion that we were as happy as we might be, and as God intended us to be? Did we find intemperance happiness? Did we find betting happiness? Did we find filthy language happiness? Did we feel particularly happy on Sundays, when we were hanging about with our hands in our pockets, and short pipes in our mouths, while the bells were ringing for church? What had we to fall back upon, if trouble came? Was it not possible that there was a happiness within our reach which we had not got? "Suppose," he said, throwing up his hands, "that you are spoiling two worlds!" Mates, I'm very much inclined to think we are. Many of us at our factory are rollicking blades, but I'm not sure that the happiest man in it isn't Methodist Charley.

*Bill.* Now I've just got you, old chap. You are seized with a queer shiver, you get struck all of a heap, and you are mortally uncomfortable the whole of the next day. Yet you fancy that the listening to such stuff as this is to make you happier!

*Ned.* It's not the listening now, but the not having listened long ago, that upsets me. You see, lad, I can't have the last twenty years over again, and it's borne in upon me how much better it would have been for my wife and children, let alone myself, if I'd done different. Bill and Joe, we've been chums in a many things: let us be chums in this. Come with me to-night, and hear this man. Capital and labour is all very well, but perhaps there's a shorter cut to being happy than that there revolution which is allays being talked on, but which don't seem to get no nearer.

*Joe.* I think I'll go with you, Ned. It will do me no harm at all events. I should like to see the fellow that can convince me, unless I choose. But I don't deny your parson seems to put it plain and strong. That's what I approve on. If they are to speak at all, let 'em speak out. Parsons beat about the bush till you quite lose sight of 'em, ay, and the bush too. I got that tired of 'em, that I have not been inside a church for a many years.

*Bill.* Nothing shall take me inside of one. I've never been since I was a young shaver in a Sunday-school, and don't intend to. It is plain you two chaps intend to turn Methodisses. Wish you joy of it! But I say, Joe, I shall expect yer to pay those bets, if yer lose 'em.

*Joe.* O yes, we'll stand to the bets, and I don't say I won't bet again. I'm not a Methodiss yet. Seems to me, though, Ned's preacher may happen have got hold of the right end of the stick.

*Ned.* It's worth a calculating, Bill, whether I shall be happier a inside of the church, or you a waiting in your shirt sleeves at at your door for the opening of the "Goat and Compasses." If there was a way of deciding on it, I don't know but I'd make my last bet about it, and it should be a ten to one-er. And when I look at the pulpit, I shall always think of that man, even if he's far away.

## CAN WE MAKE IT RAIN?

I AM not going to maintain that we can never make it rain. But I do maintain two propositions. If we are going to make it rain, or produce any other result hitherto unattainable, we must employ adequate means. And if any proposed means or agency is already familiar to science, we may be able to decide beforehand whether it is adequate. Let us grant that out of a thousand seemingly visionary projects one is really sound. Must we try the entire thousand to find the one? By no means. The chances are that nine hundred of them will involve no agency that is not already fully understood, and may, therefore, be set aside without even being tried. To this class belongs the project of producing rain by sound. As I write, the daily journals are announcing the brilliant success of experiments in this direction; yet I unhesitatingly maintain that sound cannot make rain, and propose to adduce all necessary proof of my thesis. The nature of sound is fully understood, and so are the conditions under which the aqueous vapour in the atmosphere may be condensed. Let us see how the case stands. A room of average size, at ordinary temperature and under usual conditions, contains about a quart of water in the form of invisible vapour. The whole atmosphere is impregnated with vapour in about the same proportion. We must, however, distinguish between this invisible vapour and the clouds or other visible masses to which the same term is often applied. Clouds are not formed of true vapour, but consist of impalpable particles of liqiud water floating or suspended in the air. But we all know that clouds do not always fall as rain. That rain may fall, the impalpable particles of water which form the cloud must collect intodrops large enough to fall to the earth.

Two steps are therefore necessary to the formation of rain; the transparent aqueous vapour in the air must be condensed into clouds, and the material of the clouds must agglomerate into raindrops. No physical fact is better established than that, under the conditions which prevail in the atmosphere, the aqueous vapour of the air cannot be condensed into clouds except by cooling. It is true that in our laboratories it can be condensed by compression. But, for reasons which I need not explain, condensation by compression cannot take place in the air. The cooling which results in the formation of clouds and rain may come in two ways. Rains which last for several hours or days are generally produced by the intermixture of currents of air of different temperatures. A current of cold air meeting a current of warm, moist air in its course may condense a considerable portion of the moisture into clouds and rain, and this condensation will go on as long as the currents continue to meet. In a hot spring day a mass of air which has been warmed by the sun, and moistened by evaporation near the surface of the earth, may rise up and cool by expansion near the freezing point. The resulting condensation of the moisture may then produce a shower or thunder

squall. But the formation of clouds in a clear sky without motion of the air or change in the temperature of the vapour is simply impossible. We know by abundant experiments that a mass of true aqueous vapour will never condense into clouds or drops so long as its temperature and the pressure of the air upon it remain unchanged. Now let us consider sound as an agent for changing the state of things in the air. It is one of the commonest and simplest agencies in the world, which we can experiment upon without difficulty. It is purely mechanical in its action. When a bomb explodes, a certain quantity of gas, say five or six cubic yards, is suddenly produced. It pushes aside and compresses the surrounding air in all directions, and this motion and compression are transmitted from one portion of the air to another. The amount of motion diminishes as the square of the distance; a simple calculation shows that at a quarter of a mile from the point of explosion it would not be one ten-thousandth of an inch. The condensation is only momentary; it may last the hundredth or the thousandeth of a second, according to the suddenness and violence of the explosion; then elasticity restores the air to its original condition, and everything is just as it was before the explosion. A thousand detonations can produce no more effect upon the air, or upon the watery vapour in it, than a thousand rebounds of a boy's rubber ball would produce upon a stone wall.

So far as the compression of the air could produce even a momentary effect, it would be to prevent rather than to cause condensation of its vapour, because it is productive of heat, which produces evaporation, not condensation. The popular notion that sound may produce rain is founded principally upon the supposed fact that great battles have been followed by heavy rains. This notion, I believe, is not confirmed by statistics; but, whether it is or not, we can say with confidence that it was not the sound of the cannon that produced the rain. That sound as a physical factor is quite insignificant would be evident were it not for our fallacious way of measuring it. The human ear is an instrument of wonderful delicacy, and when its tympanum is agitated by a sound we call it a "concussion," when, in fact, all that takes place is a sudden motion back and forth of a tenth, a hundredth, or a thousandth of an inch, accompanied by a slight momentary condensation. After these motions are completed the air is exactly in the same condition as it was before. It is neither hotter nor colder; no current has been produced, no moisture added. It must, however, be added that the laws under which the impalpable particles of water in clouds agglomerate into drops of rain are not yet understood, and that opinions differ on this subject. Experiments to decide the question are needed, and it is to be hoped that the Weather Bureau will undertake them. For anything we know to the contrary, the agglomeration may be facilitated by smoke in the air. If it be really true that rains have been produced by great battles, we may say with confidence that they were produced by the smoke from the burning powder rising into the clouds and forming nuclei for the agglomeration into drops, and not by the mere explosion.—*Prof. Simon Newcomb, LL.D.*

# SOCIETY AND SOCIETY WOMEN.

BY FRANCES E. WILLARD.

Some years ago, when I was visiting Constantinople, Rev. Dr. Albert D. Long, now a professor in Roberts College there, told me of the theological argument he once had with a bishop of the Greek Church. After long controversy upon the articles of faith, Dr. Long introduced the argument *ad hominem*, and as the bishop was notoriously dissolute, an allusion to the works by which faith is made perfect angered him greatly, and he flung down a parchment on the table, saying with clinched fists: "That, sir, is my creed. You have to do with that alone. It has no flaw from first to last. With my life you have nothing to do whatever."

But the new age persistently insists on proving faith by works. Perhaps no other has compared with it in this respect. We are even beginning to see religion where once it seemed to be ruled out. For instance, I can remember when the temperance reform was counted secular. Ministers were debarred from its platform, and women had no share whatever. But now Temperance has been baptized at our altars and admitted to our Church. Once I thought that voting was altogether secular; now I perceive it to be an act of religion or irreligion, according to the purpose of him who casts the ballot. Once I thought politics secular, but now perceive that the new theocracy must enter at its portals, and Christ must dwell in government or not, according to our political decisions. These lines of thought were perhaps impossible outside this age, which has shown us, as no other could, the correlations of force. We are practical students, and our observation is full of the fact that water turns to steam, and heat to light, and electricity to sound. We know that force is but a mode of motion, and it begins to dawn upon us that progress is but a mode of Christ. Only dull souls believe the world grows worse. The more we know of it the more we know that it is growing better at incalculable speed. Wherever Christianity goes—and its white wings have in our day flown over to the sources of the Nile and the land of the midnight sun, to the Indian's "teepee," and the Mormon's harem—there go the truth and light and life of God. A missionary to China told me the Americans and English were so trusted by that lying nation that they could buy without a purse in that celestial empire, their verbal promise to pay being enough, and I found the same in lying Italy, goods being thrust upon us without money or price, only our visiting card with its address being desired; indeed, we had to urge even that, sometimes the Italian saying the equivalent of "All right, lady, you'll come back and pay me. I'm not afraid."

There is in all Christian countries a certain amount of confidence that predicts the coming day when all men shall be less afraid of being cheated than that they themselves might cheat. The "confidence games" of large cities but show the counterfeit that proves how current is the golden coin of faith. As I fly along in the swift train and we plunge into the darkness, every revolution of wheels and throb of the engine's mighty heart seem to say, "Good faith, good faith." And we know that for every million per-

sons carried, only forty-one are in anywise harmed in this country of cross-roads, and in England, with her greater care, only ten in every million. So that, notwithstanding an occasional and frightful disaster, it is positively safer to travel than to stay at home. What an incalculable number of "dependable" men this fact involves, and how it illustrates on a splendid scale the emergence of the human race out of chaos into order; out of lying into faith. Even as we thus move on in these every-day affairs, all of which pertain to that "common religion" which involves the reign of righteousness upon the dusty highways of our common life, so I have thought we are moving onward in the social world. There is less etiquette and more reality; less veneering and more real grain of the wood.

Once the business of well-to-do women was society. What did that mean? That the be-all and end-all was to dress in fashion, dance a minuet with stateliness, preside at a dinner of several hours' duration with mastership, and so on. Now, to be sure, there are large circles of women to whom the decollette dress, whirling waltz, progressive euchre party and box at the theatre are the world's chief charm. But the spell of this sort of life is broken. The special enclosure known as "society" grows smaller and less fascinating to the great many-sided world of women. Christianity is emancipating us, and showing us so many other things to do. Women more gifted, cultured and rich than those who give themselves wholly to society devote themselves nowadays to things they find so much more worthy of them that "society women" have become a subdivision, quite clearly marked, of the real womanhood that has a broad, free life and outlook on the world. Just as in the early days one who did not take wine was almost wholly ostracised, but is now respectfully regarded and even praised, so "not to be in society" is no longer a mark of singularity, but a "differentiation from the type" that is clearly recognized and held in high esteem.

Perhaps "society" itself will pass away. Who knows? One feels like saying this below one's breath, and yet, who knows? There are so many better things to do than to sit for two hours as devotees around the stomachic altar of a dinner table, or to spin in a waltz, taking attitudes elsewhere indecent or intolerable. But "society," dissected down to the marrow, yields but these two spectacles, and these two will pass away. Banish wine from the dinner, dancing from the "evening entertainment," and "society," with its bare arms and exposed bust, its late hours and indigestions, would collapse. Nothing is surer than that wine is to be banished, and that with the growing uplift and dignity of womanhood, dancing, and the outrageous mode of dress that goes along with it, will one day be held as a mere relic of barbarism. That was a prophetic innovation at the White House when Mrs. Hayes replaced the dinner with its wine-glasses by the stately and elegant reception. When men and women both come into the kingdom for the glad, new times that hasten to be here, the gustatory nerve will be dethroned at once and forevermore. For there are so many more worthy and delightful ways of investing (not "spending") one's time; "there are so many better things to do." The blossoming of women into deeds of philanthropy gives us a hint of the truer forms of society that are to come.

Emerson said: "We descend to meet," because he claims that we are on a higher plane when alone with God and nature. But this need not be so. Doubtless in the outworn and stereotyped forms of society where material

pleasures still hold sway, we do "descend to meet," but when a philanthropic purpose determines our companionships and leads to our convenings, then we climb together into purer and more vital air. The "coming women"—nay, the women who have come, have learned the loveliest meaning of the word "society." Indeed some of us like to call it "comradeship" instead, this interchange of highest thought and tenderest aspiration in which the sense of selfhood is diminished and the sense of otherhood increased. We make no "formal calls," but informal ones are a hundred-fold more pleasant. If a new woman's face appear in church we wonder if she won't "come with us" in the Woman's Missionary Society, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, or some other circle, formed "for others' sake." If new children sit beside her in the church pew, we plan to win them for our Band of Hope or other philanthropic guild, where they will learn to find "society" in nobler forms than this poor old world has ever known before. The emptiness of conventional forms of speech and action is never so patent as when contrasted with the "fulness of life" that crown those hearts banded together to bring the day when all men's weal shall be each man's care. Wordsworth writes wearily of

> "The greetings where no kindness is,
> And all the dreary intercourse of daily life."

Emerson says:

> "Good-bye proud world, I'm going home."
> "Good-bye to flattery's fawning face,
> To grandeur with her proud grimace,
> To upstart wealth's averted eye,
> To supple office low and high."

Indeed the choicest natures, could their roll be called, have shunned "society" because, though it fed them on the most succulent viands of the real, it was too gross and glaring for the ideal which was, above all things else, dear to them. But One came in Judea, who, while "His soul was like a star and dwelt apart," had in His breast God's purpose for the new life, the holier brotherhood, and in Christ we have shown forth the only true form of "society," viz.: the fellowship of doing good. All other forms will fall away, because all others are built upon false principles.

The time is not distant when a young woman "coming out" will not be accompanied by such a description of her personal appearance as a skilled groom might give of "Maud S.," and when her debut will be made into philanthropic circles, not into the envious and heartless atmosphere of ball-rooms. The time is coming when "receptions" will bring the rich and poor side by side, and no drawing-room will be too fine for the honest working man and his family to enter, that they may greet the princely friends who have loved them and sought for them that justice which is the highest form of philanthropic endeavour. The time is coming when the vulgarity of using stimulants, gambling in circles of "progressive euchre," waltzing in the arms of men, disrobing in public that one may be "in style," wearing high heels and camel's humps, describing the wardrobes of ladies and enumerating the dishes of their table in the public prints, will be counted as the almost unbelievable phenomena and the last fevered gasp of

the gilded age now hastening to be gone. And I am frank to acknowledge that beyond all the blessed help that is hastening through woman's work to the heathen across the sea, and the African, Indian, Chinese, and Mormon on this side ; even beyond the overthrow of alcohol's dominion, so fiendish and so lowly, do I believe will be the blessings of this new world for women which shall lead to the millennial glory of Christ's prophecy fulfilled, "Behold, I make all things new."

Go on, ye brave and gentle hearts that work in the philanthropies which foreshadow an age of universal reason, love, and worship, where Christ himself shall rule. You are building better than you know. Every missionary, doctor, or teacher you send out ; every kindergarten or day nursery that you establish ; every industrial school or home you found ; every hospital, refuge, or sheltering arms ; every reading-room, lodging-house, or friendly inn, helps to tear down the hideous fabric of conventional "society," and to build upon its ruins the Christian Guild, where all shall find themselves at home, and whose one rule of etiquette shall be the golden rule.—*Northwestern Christian Advocate.*

---

## EVENTIDE QUESTIONINGS.

BY M. LESUEUR MACGILLIS.

THE day is spent, its golden hours have run,
How have I wrought, what good or ill have done?
What written on the fair page of to-day?

O, have I given the cup of water cold,
Even to a little one? It needs not gold,
To do the Master's will and win His smile.

Against the easily besetting sin
Have I in earnest striven, and tried to win
From evil ways some erring child of Thine,

By loving charity which beareth all
And thinks no evil ; though he faint and fall,
Still holding out the tender, helping hand?

Oh, if I have Thee not, divinest Guest,
Come to my soul this night and ever rest,
Till all my heart is filled with love divine.

And for my own beloved ones I pray,
O, bless them, help and guide, and in Thy way
Lead them, dear Lord, till Thou hast led them home.

And now, O Father, wearied with the day,
I come to Thee, take all my sins away,
Grant me Thy peace, and sweetly let me sleep.

WINNIPEG, 1892.

## REV. JAMES CAUGHEY.

This once eminent revivalist, but for the last twenty years or more a retired minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, died Jan. 30, 1891, at Highland Park, N.J., in his 81st year. Under the date of Jan. 30, 1882, the writer received directly from Brother Caughey the following sketch of his life and labours: "I was born in the north of Ireland, of Scotch ancestry, along in the early part of this century, a record of which was lost with the Bible that contained it and other records. I landed on these shores in early life; years after which I was drawn into the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church by the many links of the chain of divine Providence, after having been soundly converted to God in Christ." It would be interesting to know the circumstances connected with the conversion of Mr. Caughey—through the agency of whose preaching, etc. I think that at the time he was employed in a flour-mill in Troy, N.Y. He continues: "For a few months I was under the direction of the presiding elder of Troy District, reserving for myself a loop-hole of retreat in case of any doubt of my call to the work of the ministry, which, however, a powerful revival of religion, springing up in my path, quite effectually closed. In due time I was received in full connection into Troy Conference.

"After several years of hard labour I obtained liberty to visit Europe; spent two years abroad, great revivals attending my efforts in the Gospel by the power of the Holy Spirit. Disliking to encroach unduly upon the indulgence of the Conference, and feeling that a great work was opening up before me in Ireland and England, I asked for a located relation, which was kindly granted. The work of salvation spread with increasing power, resulting in the conversion of thousands and the sanctification of many believers. After crossing and recrossing the Atlantic many times, and beholding the continued outpouring of the Spirit in the United States and Canada, and again resuming my work in the British Isles, and travelling extensively through Holland, Belguim, France, Switzerland, and Italy, over the Apennines and Alps, through Scotland and Wales, and returning to America, I engaged in blessed revivals in Providence and Warren, R.I., Lowell, Mass., and Philadelphia, and extended my labours to Montreal and Quebec, and thence up the St. Lawrence to Toronto, Hamilton, London, Kingston, and Brockville, preaching most of the time ten sermons a week. Subsequent to this campaign I returned to England, and threw myself into the work of soul-saving with renewed impetus and success.

"Health at last giving way, and retirement seeming necessary, rest and fine air were found on the banks of the Baritan, near New Brunswick, N.J. By the supporting, healing hand of Jesus these have done much for me. The New Jersey Conference kindly opened its arms and received me into its ranks, with but little expectation of my ever being able to sustain an effective relation. The friendship of its members toward me remains unabated. Again and again I have been solicited by publishers to furnish them with particulars of my earlier and later career, but, for one reason or another, have shrunk from compliance—a disinclination, perhaps, to showing any desire for further notoriety.

The last sentence indicates Brother Caughey's modesty. He was self-distrustful to a fault. He adds: "My printed writings afford many glimpses of my soul-saving work, with stirring incidents which served to

shape my course. Some eight large volumes have appeared in print in this country, to say nothing of five volumes printed and sold in Great Britain." The names of these volumes were: "Methodism in Earnest," "Revival Miscellanies," "Earnest Christianity," "Showers of Blessing," "Arrows from My Quiver," "Glimpses of Soul-Saving," and "Battle and Furlough." These volumes consist mostly of extracts from his journal, letters, and notes of travel. Drs. Daniel Wise and R. W. Allen were associated with Mr. Caughey in the publication of the earlier volumes, which had an extensive sale, and did much good.

Mr. Caughey adds: "I have manuscript sufficient for several more volumes, abounding in incident connected with my revival work; setting forth interesting facts and methods of evangelistic labour, which might perhaps redound to the glory of the Holy Spirit and of our Lord Jesus Christ, and might afford some hints and helps to our young and rising ministry; but though the hope of resuming literary labour has not yet wholly deserted me, I am apprehensive that my work on this line is quite accomplished. The will of the Lord be done."

Mr. Caughey speaks in terms of the highest esteem of Dr. Wise, and of his notice of his life, which serves as an introduction to his "Earnest Christianity." He adds: "There is, however, a trifling error in that sketch which I did not think it worth while to qualify in subsequent editions; it is involved in his observation concerning my having been self-educated. In point of fact, I had the advantage of passing under the tuition of five teachers in the languages, including Hebrew and Greek, pursuing the study of the Scriptures in those languages for several years, interspersed with comparisons with the Latin Scriptures; all enabling me to meet a certain class of would-be critics found in most places, with their insinuations about 'the ignorance of Methodist preachers of the original Scriptures.'"

James Caughey was a born orator; a very child of eloquence. His manner in the pulpit was easy and natural; his delivery, colloquial. His voice was musical and flexible,. The introductory portion of his sermons was often pervaded with a rich vein of Irish wit and humour. In the body of his discourses there was much originality and freshness of thought and pungency of application, lighted up by gleams of poetic beauty, coruscations of fancy, rare touches of tenderness and pathos. His perorations were marvels of earnest and solemn appeal. Mr. Caughey was one of the most genial of men. In conversation he was charming. He was as frank and unassuming as a child. In bearing and personal appearance he was ministerial without affectation; saintly without the slightest suggestion of formal sanctity. He was most emphatically "a good man, full of faith and of the Holy Ghost."

Brother Caughey was a man subject to certain strong religious impressions. He would often say: "I am impressed that I should preach on this text;" "I am impressed that there is a backslider or sinner in the house who to-day is receiving his last warning." His decision to abandon the regular work and take up the evangelistic was born of such an "impression" which he believed to have been from the Lord. His choice of his fields of labour was determined in the same way. General William Booth, of the Salvation Army fame, was sanctified fully under the word preached by the Rev. James Caughey.—*Rev. R. H. Howard, in Christian Advocate.*

# Current Topics and Events.

THE LATE H. E. CLARKE, M.P.P.

It was with a very painful shock that we received the sad intelligence at Beyrout, Syria, of the sudden and tragic death of the late H. E. Clarke, Member of Parliament for Centre Toronto. The very day that we left home, in last February, we walked down the street with him. He spoke of his serious heart affection, and of the constant danger which it involved, but spoke also cheerfully of a projected trip to the Old Country, and of the hope that it would in some degree re-establish his health.

Yet to the man who is prepared for the great change from time to eternity, death, while in the discharge of duty, comes in its least dreaded guise. The shock is doubtless felt far more by surviving friends than by the man who is summoned in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, from labour to reward. Many earnest Christian workers have expressed the wish to die with their harness on. Some have been caught up, like Elijah, as it were, in a chariot of fire, from the sacred desk. Not less in the discharge of duty to his country was our late friend when, while addressing the Legislature, he suddenly fell at his post.

It is a fine tribute to the character of the deceased, that although a strong party man, he yet commanded the respect of his political opponents as well as of his political friends, and no breath of political scandal ever tarnished his fair fame. Mr. Clarke was a man of more than usual literary ability, as his frequent contributions to this periodical have shown. For years he conducted, at old Richmond Street Church, a Sunday afternoon Bible-class which was very largely attended and highly appreciated. He was also a leading spirit in a week-night debating and literary society in the same church, which was an inspiration and stimulus to many minds. Not many, however, were aware of his gift for poetic expression. The following poem contributed to this magazine, in 1880, will indicate alike his fine vein of poetry and also his deep religious feeling. Read in the light of his own sudden death, this poem has a pathetic significance.

## HEREAFTER.

BY H. E. CLARKE.

"What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter."—JOHN xiii. 7.

Christian, when thy way is weary,
And thy faith is sorely tried;
When thy life is dark and dreary
With afflictions multiplied;
All thy joys and all thy treasures
Melting from thee one by one,
Overthrown, thy wisest measures,
By some power to thee unknown,

Wilt thou then in dark despair
Murmur at thy Saviour's love?
Doubt thy loving Father's care,
Or His promises disprove?
Calm thy fears and smooth thy brow,
Hear thy Saviour whispering low,
"What I do thou knowest not now,
But hereafter shalt thou know."

Christian, toiling o'er life's ocean,
Where the storms blow fierce and dark,
Every wave in wildest motion
Beating o'er thy shattered bark;
When the clouds in blackness gather,
And thy faltering faith would cry,
"Thou forsakest me, my Father,
Lo, I faint, I sink, I die."

He who quells the raging storm,
Stretching forth His arm to save,
Lifts again thy sinking form,
Bids thee battle and be brave;
Smooth again thy troubled brow,
While He speaks in accents low,
"What I do thou knowest not now,
But hereafter thou shalt know."

DEATH OF SIR DANIEL WILSON.

It was with feelings of profound regret that every student and ex-student of Toronto University heard of the not unexpected death of Sir Daniel Wilson, its venerated President. For well nigh twoscore years, as professor and president, he had devoted his energies to the building up of that institution. As Queen Elizabeth said about Calais, it might be said that its name was written upon his heart. The calamity which befell the University two years and a half ago brought a too severe strain upon the overwrought powers of its venerable president. He spared himself no toil nor pains in labouring for its welfare, and may be said to have fallen a martyr to his zeal for this institution.

The name and fame of Sir Daniel extend far beyond academic circles, and far beyond either the land of his birth or the land of his adoption. His special studies of archæology, especially of pre-historic man, have made his name familiar as a household word to all students of these fascinating themes. It was not, however, merely his intellectual abilities, but especially his sterling moral qualities that were the venerable president's chief title to love and reverence. While engaged in the discharge of the duties of time, to use the words of the beautiful college morning prayer, he was "ever mindful of the far more important realities of eternity."

It was this that led him to promote, as far as was in his power, the religious side of college life. It was largely through his influence, we believe, that the first Young Men's Christian Association connected with any college on the continent, or in the world, was established in Toronto University. It was this strong conscientiousness, too, that led him, when he became president, to break a lifelong habit and give up the use of wines at social entertainments for the sake of his influence upon the large body of young men who were so largely moulded by his example.

Sir Daniel was also an active, broad-minded and liberal member of the synod of his own Church, in hearty sympathy also with the work of all the Churches. In him the ragged newsboy and bootblack found a firm friend. He was the founder and zealous patron of that beautiful charity, the Newsboys' Home of the City of Toronto, and he continued almost to the last of his life to make earnest appeals on its behalf. He was filled also with intense moral indignation at anything that was mean or unmanly. We never saw him angry but once, and then he was very angry indeed. He had detected one of the candidates in the convocation hall guilty of copying while writing his examination papers. He strode up and down the hall, saying nothing but expressing much by his indignant manner. The name of the unfortunate student was pilloried in infamy on the bulletin board, and was prevented from coming up to examinations for three years.

Sir Daniel lacked that genial Irish *bonhomie* which his accomplished predecessor, Dr. McCaul, so largely possessed, and which made him such a universal favourite. His greater degree of Scotch reserve made Sir Daniel, in some respects, less accessible; but when one got into the circle of his inner friendship, his was indeed a friendship firm, and tried, and true. He has left his mark indelibly on the Provincial University of Ontario, whose new buildings are his noblest monument.

It is somewhat remarkable that the veteran beadle of the University, Mr. R. McKim, who for well nigh forty years had borne a prominent part in all official occasions, should be summoned from his labours within an hour of the head of the institution.

It is also a painful circumstance that Mr. J. G. Storm, the architect of the noble University pile and of the new Victoria, in Queen's Park, and of many other of our noblest structures, should within a day or two also be stricken down at his post. The Toronto University building, with its massive Norman tower and exquisite Norman portal, is the noblest college building on the continent, and the new Victoria is one of the most beautiful structures in the Dominion.

### Death of Rev. Dr. Elliott.

Just as this magazine is going to press comes the intelligence of the death of the Rev. James Elliott, D.D. This painful, but not unexpected, tidings will cause a feeling of profound regret to very many of the older Methodists throughout Ontario and Quebec. Dr. Elliott was permitted to work on in the active ministry till his seventieth year, and was one of the most laborious agents in up-building the Methodism of this Dominion. He is a typical example of the many noble gifts of Ireland to the Methodism of this new land. He came to Canada in his fifteenth year, and early entered the itinerant ministry. His early labours were chiefly in the poorer settled districts of L'Original, Matilda, and Kemptville. His gifts soon placed him in the foremost ranks of the Methodist ministry, and such towns and cities as Prescott, Hamilton, Montreal, Quebec, London, Kingston, Brockville, and Pembroke enjoyed the benefit of his able services. Dr. Elliott was a man who shrank from rather than coveted prominence of position. Yet he stood so high in the esteem of his brethren that he was induced to accept the presidency of the old Canada Conference in 1867, and of the Montreal Conference in 1874 and 1875.

One of the most striking characteristics of Dr. Elliott is that he was a manly man. He was incapable of a thought that was not upright and chivalrous and noble. As the brave are always tender, he was also marked by much sympathy of feeling which made his ministries those of a veritable "son of consolation." There was in him, too, a vein of genial Irish humour, which, though always kept within due restraint, was not seldom shown in the twinkle of his eye or the expression of his countenance. The noblest praise which can be given our departed father in Israel is, that he always built up the churches to which he was sent, and that through his instrumentality many trophies of divine grace were won for the Master whom he served. In his later years he was the subject of much affliction, having been almost completely paralyzed. But his mind continued clear, his piety undimmed, his trust in the merits of the Redeemer unfaltering to the end. "He rests from his labours and his works do follow him."

### Prohibition in Manitoba.

The plucky little province of Manitoba—not so little after all, except by contrast with the empire-like dimensions of Ontario—has shown its sturdy element by an overwhelming *plêbiscite* in favour of prohibition. Of course the Government cannot fail to heed this popular mandate. It would do more for the development and prosperity of the prairie province than any other legislation that could be adopted. It would be a glorious thing if the virgin soil of Manitoba should be preserved forever inviolate from the curse and crime of the drink traffic. It would make it a city of refuge for the wretched inebriate, tempted almost beyond endurance at almost every corner of the cities of all the other provinces. It would be a land of promise for fugitives from a worse than Egyptian bondage, and would soon become a land very literally flowing with milk and honey, and abounding with corn and oil.

If our paternal government at Ottawa, instead of sending out a commission to gather evidence which may be manipulated at will, would simply call for a vote of the people on the question, we venture to say that there would be such an expression in favour of prohibition as would carry dismay to the hearts of the liquor interest everywhere. In the meanwhile the friends of temperance must continue to agitate—*agitate*—AGITATE; to send in petitions by the hundreds and by the thousands, and by every means to awaken our lethargic legislators to the urgent demands which have been echoed and re-echoed from conferences and synods, and supported by the moral weight of the community. We would counsel every temperance voter, as soon as Parliament assembles, to write a brief, strong letter to his representative in Parliament urging the support of anti-liquor legislation. If these letters poured in by the

thousand, it would do much, we believe, "to strengthen the weak hands and confirm the feeble knees" of many who need just such a tonic.

RETALIATION.

We think the recent retaliation legislation of the United States both unwarranted and unjust. The special juncture at which it occurs —on the verge of the presidential election—creates the suspicion that it, as certain former threats of the same nature, has been designed chiefly as an election cry. This is extremely unworthy of a great nation like the United States. Retaliation in its essence is a mode of war, bloodless it may be, but capable of producing great hardships and stirring up much ill-will. Would it not have been more worthy of the dignity of the United States, and more in harmony with this *fin de siècle* to have referred this, as other matters of dispute, to the board of arbitration already existing to settle the fisheries dispute, or to some similar board. Canada wants only her rights in the matter, and, we doubt not, would be willing to abide by the decision of the supreme court of the United States, as Great Britain recently preferred to do in the case of the Behring Sea dispute. We trust that there will be on the part of Canada, no petty, peddling interpretation of international treaties; that they will be construed as to their true spirit and interest, without any attempt to overreach a neighbour or to evade the fulfilment of lawful requirements. If this be done, we can wait serenely till the presidential hurly-burly be over, and our neighbours return to their proper mind. We can appeal from the passion of the hour to the calmer judgment of the future, and to the sense of justice of all mankind.

In the Rev. R. Walter Wright's beautiful poem, in the August number of the MAGAZINE, page 131, in the third line the capital "T" in "Thine" tends to give a wrong impression of the first part of the poem, which refers to Paul and not to Christ. In the last stanza, read "moaning" for "morning." The "Z," of course, instead of "X," in "Zenophon" was a misprint.

---

## THE FACE OF JESUS.

"I will behold Thy face in righteousness."—Ps. xvii. 15.

BY THE REV. D. A. PERRIN, M.A.

JESUS, that dear face of Thine,
More to me than oil or wine,
Shone upon the eager throng
As they slowly march'd along.
Visions of Thy heavenly face,
Sin nor death can ne'er efface,
Thro' the Gospels still does shine,
With a lustre all divine.

Glad, I now behold Thy face,
Full of sympathy and grace,
Perfect mirror of Thy love,
Radiant with the light above,
Peaceful as the sunset rest,
Hidden deep within Thy breast,
Calm as in the morn of life,
Feeling neither hate nor strife,
With a tenderness that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept.
With a face divinely set
Like a flint 'gainst sin He met,
See we Jesus Christ our Lord,
Holy in His life and word,
Calling sinners for His own,
Into paths to them unknown.

God be praised! Thee I adore,
Thou, the Christ, I love Thee more,
God revealed before my eyes,
Maker, Sovereign, Saviour dies,
Great my joy, Thy face I see;
Risen to life by power in Thee,
Thee I love—love more and more,
God in Christ for evermore.

CHICAGO, Ill.

# Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, D.D.

## Wesleyan Methodist.

The Conference assembled at Bradford. By a remarkable coincidence, Rev. Dr. Rigg, who was President of the last Bradford Conference, was again elected to that important position. Few men have done better work for Methodism, hence to be elected President the second time may be regarded as evidence of the high esteem in which he is held by his brethren. Rev. Dr. Waller was re-elected Secretary. The Conference retains the services of tried men whenever it can do so. Their example is worthy of imitation.

Bradford is an important Methodist town, in which there are several large churches. Great preparation was made for the Conference. More than 1,000 ministers attended. For the first time a fraternal delegate in the person of Bishop Galloway from the Methodist Episcopal Church South was in attendance. He and Dr. Potts were introduced together and addressed the open session of Conference. The service was one of great interest, the place was crowded to its utmost capacity, the speakers were at their best.

The Conference plan makes provision for 950 meetings of various kinds, extending over 31 circuits, besides appointments in various nonconformist churches in Bradford. Bishop Galloway and Dr. Potts were planned to preach on the same Sunday in the Conference church. Sir H. Mitchell provided a free tea daily for the members of the Conference.

The membership of the Church is 424,952, being an increase of 720, with 27,609 on trial. In the junior society classes there were reported 65,118. There were 124 candidates for the ministry.

The Vicar of Bradford sent a letter to Conference conveying, on behalf of the clergy of the town, a cordial welcome to the members of the Conference.

Rev. W. L. Watkinson was appointed to succeed the Rev. Dr. Gregory as editor of the Magazine. All who know him believe that a better appointment could scarcely be made. Rev. Giffard Dorey, well known to many in Canada, was elected a member of the Legal Hundred.

Some time ago a Fund was started with the name of the Children's Home Presidental Fund. The object was to raise $50,000 in honor of President Stephenson's connection with the Children's Home. All the proceeds to be applied to that institution. The amount was not quite realized at the opening of the Conference, but a large sum had been collected, and doubtless, "there was more to follow."

Rev. Walford Green has been engaged most of last year raising $125,000 on behalf of the Auxiliary or Superannuation Fund, and has nobly succeeded. During the year $13,200 was also bequeathed to the Fund by various friends.

Mr. Samuel Meriden, Wolverhampton, has left legacies to various Connexional Funds amounting to $31,750. A lady at Mansfield also bequeathed $25,000 to Superannuated Ministers' Funds, $500 to the Children's Home Fund.

Manchester Mission increases in popularity. Two friends have given $12,500 for extinction of debt and further extension.

Great efforts are being made on behalf of the rural districts, which from time to time are much depleted. Some deserted chapels have been re-opened. Others which have been lost to the connexion are being re-

stored. Reports from various missions are of the most encouraging character.

The work among the soldiers and sailors contains many evidences of success. There are 179 ministers employed, and there are 1,447 members, being an increase for the year of 215. Homes are established at various centres, which are of immense benefit.

London demands constant attention and requires all that can be done for its evangelization. The Metropolitan Chapel Building Fund has been a powerful auxiliary. Rev. F. W. Macdonald said at the annual meeting that he remembered when there were only 9 circuits and 35 ministers in London, there are now more than 100.

The Connexional Chapel Fund Committee is an important institution. Its meetings are held monthly in Manchester; without its sanction no church, nor parsonage, nor schoolroom can be built, enlarged or sold. Its regulations are very rigid, but there observance has saved many thousand dollars. Last year it considered 383 cases of erections, alterations, etc., involving an outlay of $1,384,030; besides 135 applications for assistance in the reduction of debts amounting to $204,540.

There is likely to be a considerable increase of Methodists in the coming English Parliament. A son of the late Rev. Gervase Smith, D.D., also the distinguished S. D. Waddy, Esq., and the Hon. H. H. Fowler, all minister's sons, are among the number. Mr. I. Holden, Mr. W. O. Clough and Mr. W. H. Holland are also among the visitors. The two latter are new members. Mr. Joseph Arch, Mr. J. Wilson and Mr. Thos. Burt belong to the Primitive branch of Methodism.

### The Irish Conference.

The 123rd session was held at Belfast, Rev. Dr. Stephenson presided. He was accompanied by Revs. W. Arthur, J. Bond and T. Allen. Fraternal delegates were also present from New Zealand, M. E. Church South and Canada.

Notwithstanding the constant emigration, the number of church members does not decrease much, there being still 25,652; 1,976 had been received during the year, but the losses from various causes provided a small net decrease.

On the Saturday afternoon a new church was dedicated at Glenary by the President. An open air Temperance demonstration was also held, when Rev. Dr. Kane, Episcopal, and Dr. Potts and others delivered powerful addresses.

Dr. Potts preached on Sabbath, and in addition to his address to the Conference took part in various services. He said that, of the seventeen hundred and more ministers of the Methodist Church which he represented, he believed almost one-third of them were Irishmen, or the sons of Irishmen; and of the more than thirteen hundred circuits and missions within the bounds of Canadian Methodism it was a rare thing to find any circuit without official members who were not Irishmen by birth or the sons of Irishmen.

Besides Dr. Potts, Rev. Edward Best from New Zealand, and Jas. Thompson from South Africa were present, both of whom had formerly been members of the Irish Conference.

Dr. Potts said that Rev. Oliver McCutcheon received the degree of D.D. from our Victoria University.

### Primitive Methodist Conference.

In our last month's notice it is stated that $50,000 is to be raised for the Jubilee and Thanksgiving Fund. The amount is $250,000, of which Mr. Hartley promises $25,000.

The feeling in favor of Methodist Union is becoming stronger. A committee has been appointed to confer with other committees to consider the question. It is generally thought that the Bible Christian and Primitive branches could easily form one body, but in respect to others the difficulties would be greater.

The profits of the Book-Room exceed $23,165. Of this amount $16,000 was donated to the Aged

Ministers, and Widows' and Orphans' Funds. Rev. H. B. Kendall is the new Editor.

A Baptist Minister, who had been trained at Spurgeon's College, applied for admission to the ranks of the P. M. ministry.

One minister in London was stationed to the same church for the 8th year. Unhappily, there is a decrease in the membership of 552. The total membership is 193,469 and ministers 1,100.

$90,000 were subscribed in Conference towards the Thanksgiving Fund.

### Methodist New Connexion.

With one exception, there has been a constant increase in members for 16 years. This year the increase is 268 and 4,767 on trial. There was a loss of 3,270 by deaths, removals, etc.

Rev. Dr. Watts, editor, wished to retire, but was entreated to continue in office another year.

### The Methodist Free Churches Assembly.

This denomination consists mainly of secessions which have taken place since 1835. This year the Assembly met in City Road chapel, which is certainly a fine display of fraternal feeling. There were 250 delegates present.

Several ministers visited the Assembly. Among others were Bishop Galloway, our own Dr. Briggs and S. F. Huestis, all of whom received a cordial welcome. One day Rev. N. Curnock and Dr. Stephenson, President, were introduced. The latter in addressing the Assembly said that he thought that the chapel ought to be the home of universal Methodism. Their presence there was a significant event. It was very noticeable that this should take place in the first year after the Centenary of John Wesley's death. The past century had seen wonderful development and also sad divisions. He rejoiced that they could now look forward to the time when these divisions should be healed. At all events they were learning to appreciate each other's work more highly, to look with less jealously at each other's success, and to recognise the worth of what was specially valuable in each other's constitution.

### Methodist Episcopal Church.

Bishop Mallalieu has gone to Japan, and is to open conferences in Japan, Corea, and China.

Bishop Joyce and wife have sailed to Europe. He expects to preside at all the conferences and missions of that continent. He, the bishop, is to visit Russia, where he hopes to organize the Finland and St. Petersburgh Mission of the M. E. Church.

The first subscription for mission purposes in modern days, was made by Sir Walter Raleigh in 1589, when he gave £100 to the merchants to whom he resigned the Virginia patent, "in special regard, and zeal of planting the Christian religion in those barbarous places.

### Newfoundland Conference.

The Conference met at Grand Bank and was a grand success.

Rev. Joseph Parkins delivered the lecture before the Theological Union, taking for his theme, "The Sphere of the Pulpit;" and Rev. A. D. Morton, M.A., preached the sermon. Both were declared worthy of publication.

Rev. T. W. Atkinson was elected President and Rev. A. D. Morton, M.A., was elected Secretary. The venerable Father Peach was the only minister who had finished his course; 2 young brethren were ordained.

The increase in the membership is 829.

The members of the Conference had only been at their homes a short time when St. John's City was almost entirely consumed by fire. No such catastrophe has occurred on this continent since the great Chicago fire. One Methodist Church and the Educational Institution are totally destroyed, and among the greatest sufferers are to be found several of the most liberal friends of Methodism. We are glad that provisions

and funds have been contributed in all parts of the Dominion, but the Methodists everywhere will need to contribute magnificently on behalf of their suffering brethren so that the Church and the College may be rebuilt with as little delay as possible.

### New Brunswick Conference.

Two brethren were ordained for special purposes.

The net increase of members is 174, and the total increase in all the funds is more than $20,000.

In Nova Scotia Conference there is an increase of 7 Sabbath Schools and 26 chapters of the Epworth League. The second Sunday in September is appointed as Children's Day.

Three probationers of four years were ordained to the full work of the ministry. Dr. Carman preached the Ordination Sermon.

### Manitoba and North-Western Conference.

Winnipeg was the seat of this Conference. Rev. J. Semmens was elected President and Dr. McLean was elected Secretary. Both have been missionaries in distant fields. A holiness meeting was held daily. Rev. A. W. Ross delivered the lecture before the Theological Union on "Christian Socialism." Rev. G. Young, D.D., preached a jubilee sermon. He was the first Methodist minister stationed at Winnipeg, and has good reason to remember the scenes in connection with the Riel rebellion.

There seems to be an increase all along the line. The increase of membership is 1,512 and ministers 21. The increase for ministerial support exceeds $30,000. Never was there a better prospect for Methodism in this Conference than now.

### Recent Deaths.

Dr. Alfred Wheeler of the Methodist Episcopal Church has been called to his reward. He was a member of several General Conferences. He was Editor of *Pittsburgh Christian Advocate* eight years and was deservedly esteemed as a man of more than ordinary ability whom the Church could safely trust.

Rev. Thomas Cosford, of London Conference, has finished his course. He joined the Canada Conference in 1839, and after travelling several important circuits, he was made Chairman of District in 1857. For five years he was placed in charge of Muncey Industrial School. For the last few years he retained a Superannuated relation and resided in London, but was always ready to help his brethren. He was a kind man, a faithful minister who always laboured with great earnestness to promote the interests of Methodism.

Rev. Robert Hartley was for 56 years a Primitive Methodist minister, first in England and afterwards in Australia. He was 76 years of age, and began to preach when little more than 17. Many of his circuits where hard fields of labour, and even in Australia he sometimes rode on horseback 12 hours a day. Another of the writer's old friends has gone to his reward.

Rev. John Burroughs was a Primitive Methodist minister from 1838 until 1892. It was the lot of the writer to be his colleague in one circuit. We laboured in great harmony and now he is gone. His death is admonitory.

H. W. Chidlaw, D.D. This devoted servant of Christ was spared until he was 81 years of age. A native of Wales, and last year he visited his native land, intending to return to America in a few months, but by a singular providence he died near his birth-place. For 56 years he was in the service of the American Sunday-school Union.

All our readers will hear with profound regret of the death of Mrs. Kilborn, wife of Dr. Kilborn of our China Mission. The mission party had just reached their destination, Chin Tu, when the sad occurrence transpired. How mysterious are the ways of Providence.

# Book Notices.

*Social and Present Day Questions.* By Frederic W. Farrar, D.D., F.R.S., Archdeacon of Westminster, Chaplain to the Queen, and to the House of Commons. Octavo, pp. 377. Boston: Bradley & Woodruff. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price $2.25.

We have had the pleasure of reviewing in this magazine nearly all of the works of Archdeacon Farrar. We have reviewed none of them with more pleasure than the volume before us. In these discourses and papers, Dr. Farrar shows the wonderful breadth of his sympathy, the keenness of his spiritual insight, the eloquence of his diction, and his imperial richness of imagination. But most of all we appreciate his close touch with the spirit of the day and the needs of the times.

This scholarly recluse places himself as one among the toiling millions, voices their aspirations, and seeks to procure an alleviation of their lot. The subjects which he treats in this volume are emphatically present day questions. A brief enumeration of his topics will indicate this. The first is the question of social amelioration, founded on the story of the good Samaritan. In this he pays a glowing tribute to the work of the Salvation Army, and urges his own Church to emulate its example. In his sermon on national perils he shows the unstable equilibrium of the commercial system of Great Britain. He instances the growth of wealth and luxury, and deplores the fact that "when a huge brewery business was to be sold hundreds rushed forward, and a hundred million pounds was at once offered with passionate eagerness to secure a share in so blessed a concern, and to reap a portion of the gains which it brings amidst the general decay." Besides the congestion of this wealth in the hands of a few, another very great peril is the rapid growth of the population, and *that* of the most unfit and most improvident classes. Other perils which he reserves for special discussion in a sermon on "casting out devils" are, first, the devil of intemperance, then, the devil of lying, of greed, and avarice, which have so largely taken possession of the body politic.

A tenderly sympathetic discourse is one on the trials of the poor.

> "This deep, dark underworld of woe
> That underlies life's shining surfaces,
> Dim, populous pain and multitudinous toil,
> Unheeded of the heedless."

The antidote to this evil he discusses in a discourse on mammon-worship and the duty of giving, or the right use of wealth; not indiscriminate giving, but intelligent help to those who need it. With prophet-like earnestness he rebukes the shallow "religionism," the "pharisaism of the human heart," as well as the bold atheism of the times, and summons his readers to a robust, manly, practical piety.

In lighter vein is his paper on art, which he deems as no mere amusement of the idle or ostentation of the luxurious, but as a consummate teacher of mankind. "The True Functions of the Christian Pulpit" is another brave, bold, utterance. Another characteristic discourse is on "Books, their Power and Blessedness," from the text, "And God said, Let there be light." "The Ideal Citizen" is an inspiring watchword from the text, "fellow-citizens of the saints." "Nobler than the 'civis Romanus sum,'" he says, is the boast: "I am of the city of God; I hear the roll of the ages, not the babble of surrounding tongues. I stand in utter indifference before the judgments of man, but I bow in awful reverence before the white throne and of Him who sits thereon."

Of special need not only in Great Britain, but in United States and

Canada, are the noble teachings of these noble discourses. In a series of beautiful character studies, showing his wonderful versatility, he treats such widely divergent themes as Sir Walter Raleigh, General Grant, General Garfield, Dean Stanley, Cardinal Newman, Charles Darwin, John Bright, Garibaldi, Count Leo Tolstoi, and that "race of the weary foot," the persecuted Jews. Our lay as well as clerical readers will find in this volume much food for thought and much moral inspiration.

*Library of Biblical and Theological Literature.* Edited by GEORGE R. CROOKS, D.D., and JOHN F. HURST, D.D. Vol. V.—Systematic Theology, by John Miley, D.D., LL.D., Professor of Systematic Theology in Drew Theological Seminary, Madison, New Jersey. Octavo, pp. xvi. 533. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price $3.00.

This volume is one of the noble series projected by the editors and publishers. The earlier numbers by Dr. Harman, on "The Introduction to the Study of the Scriptures," Dr. Bennett on "Christian Archæology," Dr. Terry on "Biblical Hermaneutics," Bishop Hurst on "The History of the Christian Church," and the editors on "Theological Encyclopedia and Methodology," have won for themselves a prominent place in the theological literature of the day. Dr. Miley's contribution, to be completed in another volume, is one of the most important parts of that series. He is an original investigator and a vigorous thinker, and brings to his task the resources of a lifelong study of theological problems.

It has well been said that theology is the queen of the sciences. As such it demands a careful study, especially by all whose duty it is to teach its sacred truths. In the introduction to this volume, Dr. Miley discusses the sources and scientific basis of theology, systemization or scientific treatment of theology, and the true method in logical order of such study. That order he gives as follows: "theism, theology, anthropology, Christology, soteriology, ecclesiology, and eschatology." Apologetics and ethics he excludes from his study of systematic theology, relegating them to special treatises on those subjects.

The first three of these subjects are taken up in this volume, and are treated with a philosophical breadth, a spiritual insight and logical method that leave little to be desired. In discussing the subject of theism, the author treats of the source and origin of the idea of God, the ontological, cosmological, theological, and anthropological arguments which combine for the demonstration of these great primal truths. He subjects also to keen criticism the anti-theistic theories of atheism, pantheism, positivism, and naturalistic evolution; and devotes a chapter to anti-theistic agnosticism. Under the head of theology proper, he treats the attributes of God and the process of creation, comparing the Mosaic cosmogory and science.

Under the head of anthropology, Dr. Miley discusses with the ability of a master, the much-vexed question of the origin, the antiquity, and the unity of man. As to the doctrine of evolution, he says: "The evolution of man, if it were proven, would raise new questions in exegesis, but would not unsettle the ground of Christian doctrine. The modern theory of evolution should cause no alarm in the Christian theologian." Evolution itself, he affirms, is but a hypothesis, unverified as a theory. As to the date of the creation of man, our author affirms that, as there is no fixed chronology of Scripture before the time of Abraham, there is nothing to prevent the addition of say, four or five thousand years, which the facts of history may require. He gives striking illustrations of the exaggerations of the time limit demanded by the evolutionists, and quotes Dr. Andrews, and our own Sir W. J. Dawson, Professor Southall, and Dr. Winchell, in corroboration of a comparatively recent origin.

The question of the formation of the many languages of earth, he shows on ample authority, does not demand the length of time generally claimed. He quotes the conclusion of Southall,

that of some five thousand languages now spoken, only one-half dozen are one thousand years old. The different theories as to the plurality of origin of man and of the special theory of pre-Adamites are investigated, and the Scriptural doctrine of the unity of the race amply vindicated.

The question of primitive holiness, primitive probation, temptation and the fall of man, form the subjects of important chapters. The profound question of the genetic law of native depravity, with its limitations and consequences, are also set forth with conspicuous ability. The true Arminian doctrine, according to our author, affirms a native depravity without native demerit. While admitting the reality of native depravity, he argues that guilt only can arise on the responsibility of volition. The ampler discussion of these subjects, however, will be given in the second volume of Dr. Miley's systematic theology.

*The Church of To-morrow: Addresses Delivered in the United States and Canada during the Autumn of 1891.* By W. J. Dawson, author of "The Makers of Modern English," "The Redemption of Edward Strachan," etc. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Toronto: William Briggs. Price $1.25.

Very many of us remember with pleasure, the visit of the Rev. Mr. Dawson to Canada last fall, and the inspiration which his manly words kindled in many minds. In this volume we have collected a number of these inspiring addresses. The subject allotted Mr. Dawson at the late Œcumenical Conference at Washington, was "The Church of the Future." That is the main topic of the present volume. The four characteristics of that Church he suggests are: simplification, democratic spirit, social aim, and intellectual and organic comprehension. The discourses in this volume elucidate these views. By simplification the author means a movement toward root principles, essential truths, and the result will be, to use the author's own words, "to separate keenly between the essentials and the accidentals of religious truth, and make it possible for all religious souls to draw nearer together on these essential truths of our Christianity."

The titles of some of the discourses of this volume will indicate their general scope: "The Socialism of Jesus," "The Democratic Christ," "The Candour of Christ," "National Righteousness." There is an admirable discourse on "The Blessedness of Womanhood," full of sympathy with all that is best and most beautiful in the character of woman. In "The last analysis of Christianity," our author sums up the "be all" and "end all" of Christian life in love. "Love is the fulfilling of the law." We are not sure but that our author is not himself somewhat unduly iconoclastic in his discourse entitled "Nehuston, a Study of Iconoclasm," and in the two following chapters, "The Failure of the Supernatural as a Means of Conversion," and "Heroic Doubt." Doubt is often fostered by neglecting to emphasize one's positive convictions. Perfect love casts out fear, so positive conviction will often cast out doubt.

*Columbus.* An epic poem giving an accurate account of the great discovery in rhymed heroic verse. By Samuel Jefferson, R.R.A.S., F.C.S., author of "The Invincible Armada." Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 239.

All the world is ringing with the name and fame of Columbus. The attention of all lands is focussed upon the great discovery of the fifteenth century. The story is retold exhaustively by the great historians, and it is made the subject of innumerable essays. It remained for the author of this volume to treat it adequately in epic verse. We wonder that it has not been so treated before. The story lacks no element of epic grandeur and dramatic interest, nor is it without its tragic close. The author begins his epic story in the hall of the embassadors in the ancient Moorish palace of

Granada, where Queen Isabella first meets Columbus. The poem then follows the fortunes of Columbus till, dominant over every obstacle, he achieves his mighty task and unveils a new world to mankind. The following lines describing the crisis of the poem will indicate the author's method and mastery of his verse :—

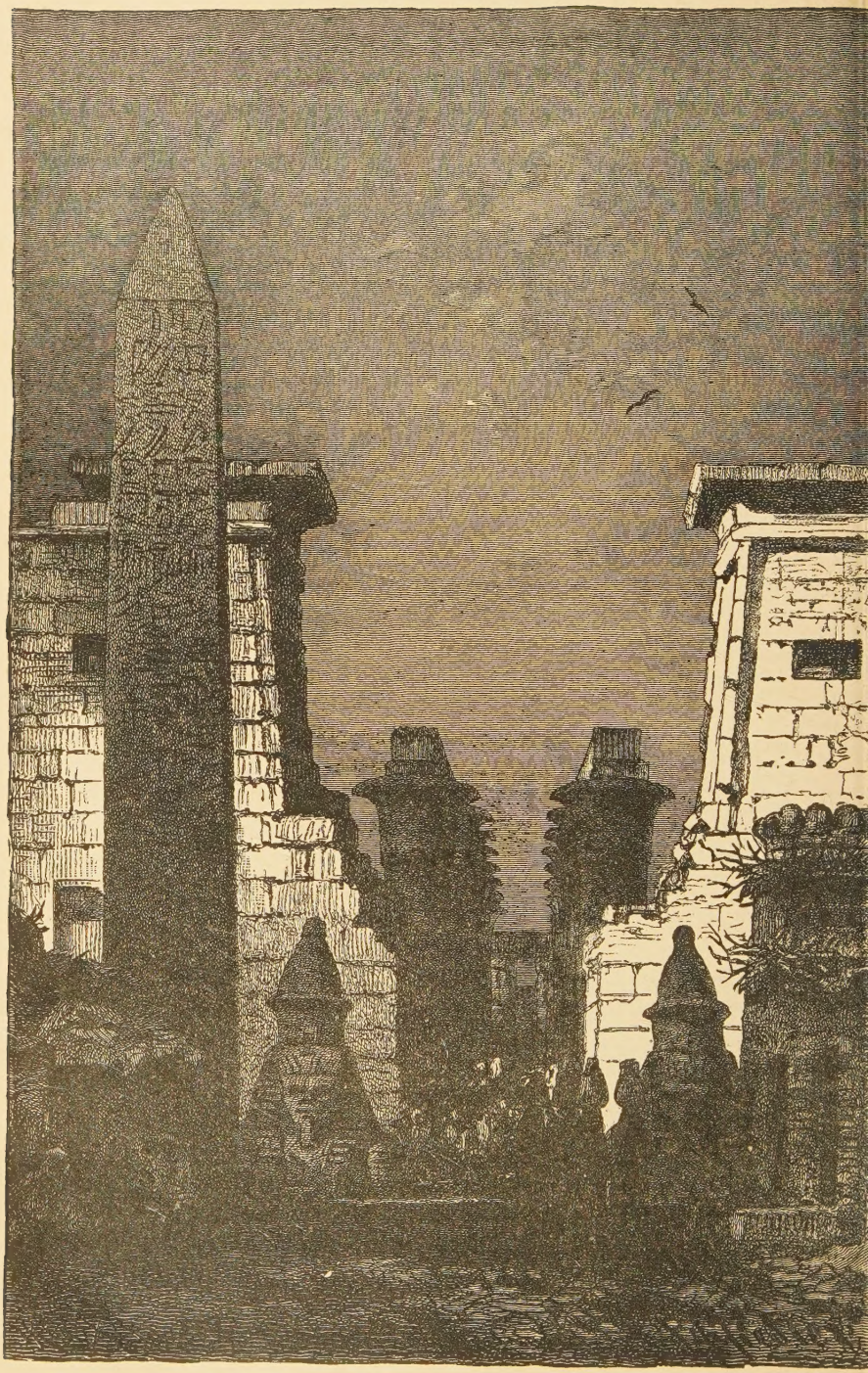
"For hours Columbus kept
His anxious watch; the moaning winds onswept,
All sail being shortened, slowly drave his bark
Towards the west where all the sky loomed dark.
But see! Columbus grasps with firm-set hand
The bulwark of the prow: rigid as death
His tall form towers erect, he holds his breath
While gazing earnestly towards the west,
His face is forward through the darkness pressed,
All motionless, as if in deep amaze,
And all his life were centered in the gaze.

"'Tis so, indeed!' with bated breath he spake,
'A flashing light doth through the darkness break;
Some torch methinks! it is no meteor's light
That doth illume the brow of ebon night!
It moveth slowly! there, towards the left,
Now is my vision of the beam bereft!
The bearer hath into some dwelling passed!
Here land, inhabited, we reach at last.'
As rosy morn dispersed the gloom of night,
The sailors saw, more clear, the coast in sight;
The land desired they hailed as rose the sun,
Their voyage long its splendid goal hath won."

*Appleton's Canadian Guide Book. Part II., Western Canada.* By Ernest Ingersoll. With maps and many illustrations. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

Canada is becoming one of the great tourist resorts of the world. The Canadian Pacific Railway has made accessible some of the most majestic mountain scenery on the face of the earth, and the enterprise of the management is advertising the scenic attractions of Canada in every prominent city on the globe. It adds greatly to the pleasure and profit of a journey to have a good guide book. Hitherto this has been a felt want, so far as the newer parts of Canada are concerned. This want has been supplied by the admirable volumes on Eastern and Western Canada, edited by Professor Roberts and by Mr. Ernest Ingersoll. This book, we judge, will be indispensible to the North-west tourist. It describes the peninsula of northern Ontario, the shores of the great lakes, the Lake of the Woods region, Manitoba and the great North-west, Canadian Rocky Mountains, British Columbia and Vancouver Island. It is furnished with fourteen geological and other maps, and a score of etchings and engravings. It is bound in flexible covers, and has three folding sectional maps of the country described.

A Widely Circulated Tract. In Oct. 1881, H. L. Hastings, of Boston, delivered a lecture on *The Inspiration of the Bible*, before a Convention of the Young Men's Christian Associations of Massachussetts, at Spencer. It was issued in the annual report, and the following year was reprinted as a 5-cent tract. Within ten years from that time more than two million copies had been published. It has been translated into German, French, Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, Swedish, Danish, Norwegian, Bohemian, Polish, Hindee, Hindustani, Tamil, Japanese, and we know not how many other languages, and it is still being printed by the hundred thousand. Persons who have never read this tract should send a quarter of a dollar to H. L. Hastings, 47 Cornhill, Boston, and get a half dozen copies for distribution, or obtain an assorted package of his anti-infidel lectures for examination and circulation among the young and inexperienced who are misled by sceptical arguments and infidel doubts and cavillings.



HALL OF COLUMNS—PYLONS AND OBELISK OF RAMESES II., LUXOR.